

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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South Carolina.

It is now about a year since South Carolina, after a severe struggle, accepted and adopted the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. Having the largest proportional slave-population of any of the States, the sacrifice she was called on to make was relatively greater. But it was made, we will not say willingly, but with a full appreciation of the "logic of facts," and with as good grace as could be expected.

We have now to record, with a satisfaction which we find it difficult to express in words, that South Carolina, in good faith, and without injudicious reservations, has determined to give to the amendment its just application, and to establish the new order of things following on it, on a just and permanent basis. She accepts the abolition of slavery in fact as well as in name, and does not, like some of her sisters, seek to nullify and defeat the logical results of that momentous measure. She sees that no good, but much and increasing evil, must come from making the larger part of her population pariahs and vagrants by local laws repugnant to the spirit and purpose of the amendment which she assisted to insert in the Constitution. Upon the peace and contentment of her negroes rests her material prosperity, and possibly her safety from a war of castes. Recognizing these facts, she has repealed all of her pre-existing enactments against negroes, and invested the latter with all the rights, privileges and immunities of



THE LATE REAR ADMIRAL F. H. GREGORY, U. S. N.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 71.

her white population, with the exception of the suffrage. Marriage between whites and blacks remains interdicted—but that bears on both whites and blacks. We esteem this enactment of so much importance, and offering so sound an example to the other lately slave States, that we insert it entire:

AN ACT to declare the rights of persons lately known as slaves, and as free persons of color.

"Be it enacted, etc., That all persons hitherto known in law in this State as slaves, or as free persons of color, shall have the right to make and enforce contracts; to sue, be sued, to be affiants and give evidence, to inherit, to purchase, lease, sell, hold, convey and assign real and personal property, make wills and testaments, and to have full and equal benefit of the rights of personal security, personal liberty and private property, and of all remedies and proceedings for the enforcement and protection of the same as white persons now have, and shall not be subjected to any other or different punishment, pain or penalty for the commission of any act or offense, than such as are prescribed for white persons committing like acts or offenses.

"SEC. 2. That all acts and parts of acts specially relating to persons lately slaves and free persons of color, contrary to the provisions of this act, or inconsistent with any of its provisions, be and the same are hereby repealed; provided, that nothing herein contained shall be construed to repeal so much of the 8th section of an act entitled, 'An act to establish and regulate the domestic relations of persons of color, and to amend the law in relation to paupers and vagrancy,' ratified the twenty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, as enacts that marriages between a white person and a person of color shall be illegal and void."

As South Carolina led off in the contest which entailed so much suffering and loss on the country, it is meet that she should lead in those measures which alone can insure perfect peace and harmony, and future prosperity. She would fitly supplement the good work we applaud by adopting the Constitutional Amend-



GOVERNMENT BURIAL CORPS AS RECENTLY ENGAGED IN DISINTERING THE REMAINS OF UNION SOLDIERS WHO FELL AT FAIR OAKS AND SEVEN PINES.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 71.

ments now before the country, and thus take her place in the national councils. It is true she would appear on the floor of Congress with fewer representatives than when she rudely withdrew them thence; but would not the lessened number, representing a State which has manfully, and without an *arrière-pensée*, accepted the situation, and nobly resolved to do her whole duty under it—would they not have greater weight and influence there than she could ever possibly have under a system of representation repugnant to the spirit of our institutions, and hostilized by three-fourths of the people at large? In the Senate, where the conservative interests of the country were designed to rest, she would have all her previous power; while in the House, even with her former ratio of representation, she could never raise or control a sectional issue by her vote. The thirteen original members of the Union, North and South, must recognize the fact that the sceptre of power, so far as depends on numerical representation, has departed from them forever. They can only hope to lead and influence by their wisdom, integrity, intelligence and eloquence. The lately slave States cannot hope, by resisting an amendment just in principle and sure to be carried ultimately, to advance their interests or regain their power. By doing so, they furnish the materials for an organization which must be controlling, and keep alive a struggle in which they must ultimately be defeated. We look hopefully to South Carolina, which has already sacrificed so much, to lead in this great act of self-abnegation, and thereby establish for herself a position and power in the nation which could never be secured through any possible augmentation of her votes in Congress.

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Our Interests in the Levant.

SOME recent events invite the attention of the American people once more to the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The permanence of types is a subject which has of late years been actively discussed by philosophers, and it really seems as if this character impressed itself upon events, no less than on men, when we find how similar is the cry which now comes to us from the East to that which 800 years ago roused Christendom from its slumbers. Then the appeal to Europe was "Onward to Jerusalem," and to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel was the duty of every true knight, and the impelling cause of cruel and useless wars. Now, as if to shame Europe for its apathy, the cry of oppressed Christians in Candia comes to the United States to aid them in throwing off the yoke of the Turk. Has the age of the Crusades come again, or do these Cretans imagine that because the Aush of victory in one holy war is upon us, we are ready to use our arms before they rust in another campaign in a similar cause? These inhabitants, as they style themselves, "of the native home of Jupiter and Minos," appeal to the political descendants of Washington for aid against their cruel oppressors, the Turks. The association, in their minds, between heathen myths and our Government, is a very curious one, and as introducing an appeal for help on the ground of a common Christianity, is rather puzzling. For, we may ask, what had Washington, or has Mr. Johnson, in common with Jupiter? And though we believe the members of our Supreme Court to possess all the wisdom and clemency of Minos, we have a lively hope that their sphere of life hereafter is in a more blessed region than that which ancient fable assigns to the heathen Judge.

But, in spite of these absurdities in the address of the Cretans or Candians to the President of the United States, the question still recurs: Is the alleged ground of a common Christianity a sufficient one for aiding with men, money and ships those who are engaged in rebellion against their Turkish—or, rather, as the question is a religious one—their infidel rulers? It is a singular, although, of course, quite an accidental conjuncture, that these questions have arisen just at a moment when, as newspaper correspondents inform the public, a sort of understanding has been arrived at between the Emperor of Russia and ourselves on all questions of common interest. The Emperor of Russia is the head of the Greek Church. Greek Christians, though not his subjects, are in rebellion against the Turks. The Emperor cannot, for political reasons, aid the insurgents directly. What more natural

than that they should turn to us—his new allies—who are restrained by no such reasons? There are always some people who can see further into a mill-stone than others; and we have no doubt that this concurrence of events will be regarded by European politicians as of ominous import; but we do not hesitate to record our conviction that the Cretan appeal would have been made equally the same, whether our fleet had visited St. Petersburg or staid at home. If there are any chestnuts in that fire, it will not be our paws that will be singed in pulling them out.

The question of community of religious feeling as a ground of interference with the affairs of the Greeks is one which the American people will easily answer. True, in the Greek war of 1823, American ships were fitted out to aid the insurgents. Then, however, we were following a bad fashion set us by European nations, whose example we had not then ceased to respect; and besides, we were not then so mindful as now of our international duties toward all powers, whether Christian, infidel, or heathen. Our fleet bombarded Algiers, not because the Dey was a Turk, but because he plundered our ships, just as, now-a-days, our frigates would destroy Chinese pirates, not because they are Buddhists, but because they are cut-throats and robbers. As a nation we are constantly refusing to assist struggling nationalities, though they may have our warmest sympathies, and the same principle on which we refrain from meddling with these, will lead us to refuse our aid when religious hatred is added to the bitterness of difference of race. Besides this, we might well ask whether in anything but name the Greeks are Christians, as we understand that noble appellation, any more than the Copts, Maronites, or Abyssinians? Their dogmas signify little. What their religious writings are, may be of interest to some religious polemics; but all that really concerns us is, not what is their faith, but what is their practice? The apostolic brand upon the Cretans will, we fear, stick to them for ever; and we hazard little in affirming, as the common opinion of those most intimate with both Turks and native Christians, that there exists no such superiority in the cardinal virtues in the one over the other, that would induce any third power to intervene on the ground of religious oppression alone.

No sooner, however, do we dismiss this appeal of the Greek Christians in Crete, than we are plunged into another trouble with the Turkish authorities in Cyprus, and our men-of-war are summoned to make up in ostentation what seems to have been wanting in dignity. It is the old story over again of our Consular authorities granting protection to their servants against the allegiance due to their own rulers. The Turkish authorities in Cyprus, no doubt in immediate want of troops in consequence of the revolt in the neighboring island of Crete, demand the military services of a man in the employment of the United States Consul. The Consul protests. The case is decided against him by the Governor of the Island, and the man is seized. An appeal is made to our Minister in Constantinople, who demands amends of the most ample nature, including the personal degradation and dismissal of the Pasha or Governor. A precisely parallel case, save in one particular, would be, that if in our late war a foreign Consul here had engaged a servant and put him in livery,—when the draft was made, and his servant was required to serve his country, the Consul should protest, talk of the dignity and interests of his sovereign, send to Halifax or elsewhere for vessels of war, demand the dismissal of the Provost-Marshal, an apology, first from the Governor of the State, after that his dismissal, and finally pecuniary indemnity to the servant. The one particular in which the cases are not exactly parallel is, that in the case of Turkey, by certain conventions with all the European Powers, and we presume also with the United States, certain rights of jurisdiction are ceded to their representatives. Europeans could never submit to be tried by Turkish courts and Turkish rules of evidence, and are remitted to the courts of their own Consuls. Experience has generally shown that the less important his position and influence are, the more fussy is the Consul. The less the amount of the dignity of the country he represents is invested in him, the more it becomes him to magnify his office. More especially troublesome and jealous is he when not a native of the country he represents. We do not know what the salary is of our Consul at Larnaca in Cyprus, but it is probably so low that no American would accept it or could live on it. It is therefore held by an Italian, Mr. Palma de Cernola, and it is the dignity of this functionary which has been outraged, by his *kavass*—a cross between a flunky and a constable—having been compelled, as a Turk, to do military duty. American men-of-war are at hand to avenge the slight or indignity we have received, and another proof is afforded to the quidnuncs of Europe of our close alliance with Russia on the Eastern question.

We have no wish to prejudice this affair of

Mr. Palma de Cernola, of which the full details have not reached the public; but what we have known hitherto of these "protectors" in the East, and the conduct of foreigners representing us as Consuls, makes us regard with suspicion the statements on our side of the question. We do not see why Turkey should be bullied, and Prussia be allowed to insult our flag by taking Muller and Berger out of the Baltic, under pretense of their owing military service. Why Admiral Goldsborough should be summoned with his ships to Cyprus, while Mr. Fox, with a far more powerful squadron, should remain junketting at St. Petersburg, when our flag is insulted in Bremen. Is the Trent affair so old, that Mr. Seward cannot remember how England regards the honor of her flag? And if our old antagonist stripped for the fight rather than submit to have two foreigners taken by force from its protection, shall we forget our admission that she was in the right, and give up two of our citizens to the illegal demand of Prussia? Will our Minister at Berlin demand with threats, as our Minister at Constantinople has done in the case of Cyprus, that the Governor, or whatever he is called, of Bremen, shall be made to apologize, and then be dismissed?

Guns vs. Armor.

THE *London Times*, of September 17th, in a jubilant article, announces that the great contest between guns and armor has been settled, and that guns have won. It tells us: "A target with greater resisting powers than the broadside of any iron-cased frigate or the turret of any monitor has been completely smashed by a particular kind of shot fired from a particular kind of gun, and that gun and that shot are of British make and invention." The gun, it seems, is a nine-inch wrought-iron rifled gun, and the projectile a shell, invented by Major Palliser, of chilled metal, weighing 250 pounds, and fired with 43 pounds of powder.

The target was built up of eighteen inches of teak, covered in the front with solid plates of rolled iron eight inches thick, and strengthened at the back by an inner skin of iron three-quarters of an inch thick. Altogether, therefore, this imaginary ship's broadside was about two feet three inches in thickness.

The shot is described as going clean through everything, plate, backing and inner skin, and lodging itself, after exploding in some timber, about twenty feet behind the target. A second shot gave substantially the same result, and on these data the *Times* exclaims, "The essential question between ships and guns may be regarded as settled." It adds that now there will be no need of turreted ships, because the new gun is light enough to be carried in broadside, and no need of plated ships, because they can no more resist the new gun than wooden ones. In a word, we are to go back to wooden ships, armed with broadside nine-inch guns of wrought iron, rifled, and served with Palliser shells. Thus, indeed, would the obsolete wooden navy of Great Britain enjoy a resurrection, and her naval supremacy be re-established. A most pleasant and satisfactory prospect—especially as the new gun is English, "of British make and invention," and destined to do for Great Britain all that the celebrated needle-gun is assumed to have done for Prussia.

The alarm which this complacent announcement of the British organ might create among maritime nations is, however, a good deal lessened by one or two concessions made in the same article, but apparently with no consciousness of their vast importance. The gun was fired at short range, against an immovable target, and at right angles. There's the rub. American ships have not adopted the revolving turret alone for the sake of carrying guns of heavier calibre than could be carried in broadside, but mainly because there is not one chance in ten thousand that they can be struck at right angles. And the *Times* admits that the target above described could not be penetrated by the new gun and the wonderful shell, when "inclined to an angle to the line of fire!" The new weapon would, therefore, be equally ineffectual against vessels built on the turret principle, or that of the Merrimac and Dunderberg.

The *Times* should not forget that "it is inexpedient for sentient beings to exercise their vocal propensities in the boundless contiguity of shade."

We have a late specimen of the unfairness with which everything American or relating to America is treated in Europe by the men whom the revindication of the Union has thwarted in their sinister designs on this continent. There is a vague and probably unfounded report afloat that the American Government is in treaty with the Sultan for some small island in the Eastern Mediterranean, to be used as a rendezvous or depot of supplies for our ships in these waters—a very useful and legitimate object. But the *Paris Patrie* must have a fling at us, nevertheless. It says: "It would thus appear that the Government of Washington, so sensitive as to its own rights, or

what it believes to be such, pursues exactly the same policy of encroachment with which it reproached Europe in Mexico, Peru and Chile."

Few persons, even among those engaged in commercial pursuits, have any accurate or adequate notion of the grand results that have followed on the triumph of American enterprise in the construction of the Panama Railway. On the Pacific there are three monthly steamers in direct communication with Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile; one with Ecuador and Peru; three with Mexico and California, connecting with others to Oregon, Vancouver Island and British Columbia; two running to Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador and Guatemala; and one across the Pacific to New Zealand and Australia. On the Atlantic there are three steamers monthly, connecting New York and Aspinwall direct; two to Southampton, touching at Jamaica, Jacmel and St. Thomas, and connecting with branch lines to Havana, Porto Rico, Belize, Vera Cruz, Tampico, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Demarara, St. Vincent, Granada, Trinidad and Tobago; three to Liverpool, touching at Carthagena, Santa Martha and Jamaica; one to St. Nazaire, touching at Santa Martha and Martinique; one to Carthagena and Santa Martha; one to Nicaragua; and one to Havana, touching at Carthagena, Santa Martha, Kingston (Jamaica), Santiago de Cuba, Baracoa, Gibara and Nuevita, and connecting directly with steamers for Puerto Plata, Santa Domingo, Marague, Aguadilla, Porto Rico, St. Thomas, New York and New Orleans, making a total of twenty-two large sea-going steamers which enter and sail from the ports of Aspinwall and Panama monthly, and when the line to China is opened, it will bring the Isthmus into direct communication with almost every portion of the globe.

THE resolution complimenting "Federal soldiers," adopted by the late Doolittle Convention in Philadelphia—whether a few bolters went to swallow the Democracy and got bolted themselves—was not so worded in the original, where the compliment was made to "American soldiers," Union and rebel alike. The change was made under the same pressure which excluded Vallandigham from the Convention, and required Wood to withdraw—to keep up appearances. General Dick Taylor and some other Confederate officers, members of the Convention, if they did not "dodge the vote" on the resolution, must have voted with "mental reservations."

THE Emperor Napoleon has issued a manifesto to the world, *apropos* of the reorganization of Central Europe by Prussia, in which he affects complete contentment with the result. He very distinctly recognizes the tendency of peoples of common or affiliated blood and language to coalesce and organize powerful States, instead of sustaining separate, costly, and often precarious existences. The result in Germany, following so closely on that of the struggle of the United States, could not fail to convince minds less clear than the Emperor's of the dominance on both continents of the spirit of nationality. With all his power even he cannot subdue it in Mexico. Says the Emperor:

"An irresistible power—can we regret it?—impels the peoples to unite themselves in grand masses, and is causing the disappearance of secondary States. This tendency springs from the desire to place general interests under the most efficacious of guarantees. Possibly it is inspired by a kind of providential foresight of the destinies of the world. While the old populations of the Continent increase slowly in their restricted territories, Russia and the republic of the United States may each within the next hundred years number a hundred millions of men. Although the progress of these two great empires is not for us a subject of solicitude, while rather we applaud their generous efforts in favor of oppressed races, it is for the later of the nations of Central Europe not to remain broken up into little States without either force or public spirit."

TOWN GOSSIP.

Ferries and Ferry Scenes.

NEW YORK is unquestionably that city of all the world where the science of ferrying people over rivers has reached the most complete perfection. All America is, in fact, a wonder to the people of other lands, in the care and expense bestowed upon this single detail of comfort; the Englishman, when setting foot on one of our Brooklyn or Jersey City ferry-boats, with their wide gangways, handsome cabins, and facilities for entering and leaving, remembering with something like a tingle of shame the apologies for ferry-boats that carried him across the Thames or the Mersey, "at home," and the people of other European countries being yet further from the privilege of making any favorable home comparison. But, elegant and commodious as are the ferry arrangements between the divided halves of all the leading American cities, New York, as is its right from metropolitan importance, wealth and position, excels the others nearly as much as they excel London and Liverpool. To the mighty as well as palatial structures that cross the East River on the Fulton, Wall street and Hamilton ferries, and the Hudson to Jersey City and the wharves of the New Jersey Central and Erie Railroads—the Camden and Cooper's Point boats of Philadelphia, and the Chelsea and East Boston boats of the modern Athens, seem very insignificant structures indeed; and it does not seem at all strange to the tourist to meet, as he will occasionally do, one of the Brooklyn ferry-boats, long outworn for its original service, acting at second-hand for the whale fishermen between New Bedford and Fair Haven, or carrying over pleasure-seekers on the Hudson, between the Oak Hill Railroad Station and Catskill Landing. After a boat becomes literally old and insignificant here, it seems natural that it should yet hold a respectable place among the smaller and weaker craft, supplying the needs of provincial cities, however large.

There are probably other causes than the over-weening growth and increasing necessities of New York and its suburbs which have conduced to the superiority of the metropolitan ferry-boat. It was here, as will be remembered, that the steam ferry-boat really had its birth, the change from the old skiff and its successor, the horse-boat, being made under the auspices of the inventive Stevenses and their immediate associates, all residents in or near New York, and all having their

chief property interests here. Then the numbers of different ferries have naturally produced rivalry; while the wish to add to the general safety and make possible collisions and ice-troubles less serious to the ferry-boat, have induced the addition of size and power to the boats of so many lines as to possess the most spark of enterprise or desire to accommodate their increasing business. And apart from the absolute elegance of some of the boats on the West line, and the well-known strength of engine which moves them so swiftly in the face of wind, tide and ice, the sea-going qualities of many of them, when tested, surprise all the old fogies who would believe that nothing less than a full-sized ship was safe for a run outside Sandy Hook. Their clumsy build would argue anything else than ease in a sea-way; and yet more than one of the Hoboken ferry-boats (by no means the equal of the Jersey City or Brooklyn) did excellent service down the coast during the rebellion; and it needs twice looking at the high-sided and top-hampered Southfield, of the Staten Island ferry, and the Kill Van Kull, of the Elizabethport, to realize that they could have weathered the gales of Hatteras as impromptu gunboats during the early months of the rebellion.

But it was not alone of the ferry-boats that we began to speak. Quite as interesting as the modern-built ferry-boats and the wildy monsters of boats are the crowds of people who crowd them all the morning, coming into town from every direction, who keep them in profitable running-lane during most of the day, and who then overcrowd them yet more pronouncedly when leaving the city at night. Perfect swarms of bustling, hurrying human beings are these, with their diversity of disposition, haste, errand and appearance; and to the longer and the student of character there are few schools more suggestive than standing for an hour at one of the leading ferries—say the Jersey City, or the Fulton to Brooklyn—studying faces and motions, fancying incidents, and imagining homes and habits for such an infinite variety. Young, old—fast, slow—lumpy, discontented—fat, lean—hurrying, lounging—brisk, dawdling—smiling, scolding—all conditions, classes and dispositions pass before the eye, entering and departing. One half the guesses at character made will of course be misses; and yet enough of truth will remain to make the amusement "pay." It is not very easy to mistake the position of that couple who crowd together to the gate, seeming to dislike being separated; for even the instant necessary to enter like ordinary people; they are a pair of lovers, younger or older, married or unmarried, and the gloss is not yet off their intimacy. Very different is the suggestion afforded by the next couple; the face of the gentleman scowling and dissatisfied, that of the lady turned peevishly away, and the hand seeming to hate the arm it touches. One or the other of these is being dragged somewhere; the gloss is off their acquaintance effectually! This man who has his eyes shut, so that he runs against the post of the gate and everybody whom he meets, is a day-dreamer—never aware where he is going, and likely to tumble into the dock at any moment; this, with his eyes too wide open, and staring about uneasily, is either a fool or a criminal, has done something for which he fears detection, or is liable to do so if any temptation off-ers. And what a splendidly good-natured old boy is this, who, evidently in a hurry, stops and smiles, as if to say, "Well, let it go; I don't care!" when he sees he cannot reach the boat; then lounges up to the bookstand and idly waits the next. And how certainly some of these days that men who go down the bridge with a flying leap, and plunge aboard when the boat is six feet from the dock, will waste fifteen minutes without doing anything after he reaches the other side, and at some other day will jump once too often and make "wood for fishes," or come out with a very wet jacket indeed! This young lady, at the door of the ladies' room, is waiting for somebody; it is to be hoped that "somebody" will come, and that she may never be sorry for her waiting or his coming! This man, counting on his fingers, is adding up the day's gains (or losses); this one is lunging about to himself more trouble than this poor old head can well carry. And here come a swarm the other way, off the boat; and they present the same variety, offering any amount of study. And still the current runs one way or the other; and the thin line, for a few moments gathered on the river, broadens and dissolves away into the cities at either end, and the ferry-scenes (at which we have only been able, as yet, to catch the most hurried glance) change with a rapidity impossible at the theatres, and present quite as not ble a curiosity as the costly and perfect ferry appointments themselves.

The Master-Nuisance at the Theatres.

Speaking of theatres, a moment ago, brings up the reminder that there is a crying nuisance at all those places of amusement, often spoken of, and yet not often enough, because the cry must and should be kept up until the wrong is obviated: Running out—running out, externally, between the acts, and just before the last act has closed, to the disgrace of the restless and the discomfort of everybody in their neighborhood. Now, *entr'actes* are included as breathing-spells to the actors and to mark the supposed passage of time in a play; and it is to be supposed that when one of them occurs, those who have real occasion to leave their seats will do so. But it is not to be supposed that nine-tenths of the gentlemen on any seat are afflicted with such a thirst that they are obliged to go out at very intervals, stumbling over the legs of the quiet sitters, jostling the ladies, and coming back just after the curtain is up on the next act, preventing all the opening words of that act being heard, except as they might be amid the cart-rumbles of the street! If all these people are so thirsty, what sufferings must meanwhile be endured by the poor ladies who accompany them, and who do not go out, whether withheld by a sense of propriety or by better judgment? Strictly speaking, every gentleman who deserts his seat often than—say, half the *entr'actes* ought to be obliged to bring in refreshments to the lady accompanying, every time; and when what a restaurant-scene every quietude and box would become! The managers provide what they call "rum seats," on the ends of the rows, for the especial accommodation of these gentlemen, but of course the ends are not sufficient for all of them. Nor can matting the aisles prevent noise sufficient to drown the words of the play, when the number coming in equals that of a squadron of cavalry. There may be a reason for every second person (or couple—the ladies have a hand in this nuisance!) springing up just before the last words of the last act are spoken, and the moment that they have been able to imagine what the end of the plot is to be—there may be a reason, we say, for their doing this to the complete destruction of the *faute* for others; but the most anxious thought has failed to discover it. Can it be possible that all the cars, stages, private carriages and steamboats are arranged to start so awkwardly that every one would be left if they lingered just that one little moment more? If so, there ought to be a change in the running arrangements of the vehicles; and if not, there ought to be a change in the running out arrangements, which have now grown to be so intolerable a nuisance, between the acts and at the close, as to destroy more than half the pleasure of visiting any place of amusement.

The Great Buffo and his Daughter.

One of the most legitimate subjects of gossip, now and respectively, in all the more intelligent circles about town, is the reappearance of Signor Ronconi, the wonderful buffo, just taking place at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, to be soon followed by the first appearance in America of his daughter, the young Signora Ronconi, after such triumphs in Paris as awake the very highest expectations of her success here. Signor Ronconi has been too long absent from the American operatic stage, but even that absence may be forgiven in his return, for he is unquestionably the first of basso-buffos, of this or any late age, even as poor Roveré, who made a few such brilliant appearances at the Academy last winter, and then died in the midst of his renewed fame, was next to the first. Ronconi's last previous appearances in this country took place at Burton's New Theatre (now the Winter Garden) in 1857 or 1858; and who forgets the over-whelming comic force which during that engagement (with Madame La Grange making her *première* as *prima donna*) he threw into Figaro, Leporello,

Dr. Malatesta, etc.? Then, even better than ever before, we know that, if he had not chanced to be a great vocalist, he would have been the greatest low comedian living of his native language. But just then we lost him, as we believed, finally; and now he comes back again, after setting all the comic opera lovers of London wild with his *Crispino*, which is pronounced even better than any of his previous impersonations. He has a very decided memory to combat in assuming the part—the recollection of Roveré in it being one of the best pleasures of a life's years; but what, except an overwhelming success over the reappearance of, with the inimitable Bellini playing second, and Miss Kellogg making a third, with her music and mischief? Verily, such a triumph is not often seen, and such a trio is not often heard. The *début* of Signora Ronconi is a little further in the future, to take place at the Winter Garden on the opening of this regular opera season there; and at this distance nothing more need be said than that, if European report can be credited, she has talents to match her undeniable good looks, and voice to match both. We do not often have talented father and daughter at the same time, and both in full power. Is it any wonder that "mouths of wisest censure" are full (not in a cannibalistic sense, however!) of the great buffo and his daughter?

A Successor to "Thalia."

"What will we do for her successor?" we asked, not long ago, when Mrs. John Wood severed her connection (at least temporarily) with the New York stage. An impression was general that such drollery in burlesque could not be duplicated. No very long time has elapsed, and yet that drollery is not only equaled, but excelled, in an actress who has come to the New York theatre from Australia, without any flourish of trumpets, and only half the theatre-going world aware of her presence. Miss Fanny Young, the lady referred to, is an excellent vocalist, and probably a good actress in different lines. With those qualifications we have nothing to do at present. In a single round of appearances, as Lady Nancy Ball in the ridiculous (though amusing) burlesque of "Run-ti-Foole," she has shown one thing that she can do—namely, to make the contortions of opera-singers more ridiculous, by over-doing and burlesquing them, than they have ever before been made, even by the great Jenny Lind of the stage, and meanwhile keep her own good-looking face in such a state of droll Burtonian solemnity, as if she wondered what in the world people were laughing about, so to convulse all beholders. Miss Young seems to have been last educated in a somewhat pronounced school, as might have been expected from Australia; but her "broad" rollick, not immodest, and if there is not a signal falling off from an excellent first promise, Mrs. Wood will have a successor even within the year of her disappearance.

Among the Diamonds.

Mr. John A. Reed amused himself on Wednesday evening, the 4th of September, by throwing open his "Diamond Parlor," on Broadway, opposite Grace Church, and inviting to a private view a knot of artists and press people, the most of whom were not in the habit of seeing diamonds quite so near as to study them at ease, much less to hold them in their fingers. Music had its representative there in Mr. Webb; sculpture, in Messrs. Mosier and McDonald; painting, in Mr. T. Addison Richards; photography in Mr. M. T. Brady (an old friend of FRANK LESLIE'S); the bygone rebellion in Roger A. Pryor; and the newspaper world in Messrs. Morris Phillips, Chas. Fulton, William Winter, Alfred Leslie, Henry Morford, and no doubt several others, whose faces were lost in a certain pleasant mist from the lower room; art in stationery by Mr. Gim-rede, etc., etc. Parkinson attended to the buffet, which was superb (oysters and champagne especially), and the whole affair was rather a success than otherwise. Most of the guests have since been expecting packages of diamonds and bijouterie from Mr. Reed's "Parlor," but probably he can sell them all, with his new facilities, and does not mean to give them away even to us!

Other Amusements in the City.

Our "Town Gossip" has already grown so long this week, that we have only a word for the general amusements of the week, closing October 10th: At Wallace's, Westland Marston's comedy, the "Favorite of Fortune," was produced on Monday, the 8th, and we shall have occasion to speak of it hereafter. * * * At the Olympic, Mr. Joe Jefferson changed Rip Van Winkle for Asa Trenchard, in "Our American Cousin," on Thursday evening, the 4th. * * * At the New York, Mr. Julian Eichberg's droll and excellent opera, the "Doctor of Alcantara," was produced on Wednesday, the 3d, the leading parts in the hands of Mrs. Gomersal, Mrs. Mozart, Miss Norton, Mr. Farley, Mr. Mark Smith, etc. The production was by no means a strong one, but satisfactory, and attracting good audiences and eliciting plenty of laughter. * * * At Niblo's, the "Black Crook"—any additional comment unnecessary. * * * At the Theatre Francaise, Madame Ristori repeating her triumphs as Elizabeth of England, and the excitement not only unabated but increasing. * * * At the Winter Garden, Mrs. Jean Margaret Davenport, best English actress living, commencing a too brief engagement on Monday, the 8th, to embrace Medea, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and other Ristori characters. * * * At the Broadway, Miss Maggie Mitchell following Mr. Hackett on the 8th, in the "Pearl of Savoy." * * * At Barnum's, the capital comedy of the "Woman in Black" ("Le Domino Noir") drawing capital, and well given by Mr. Levick, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Brooks, Mrs. Prior, etc. * * * Italian Opera, commencing at the Brooklyn Academy on Wednesday evening, the 10th, with Signor Ronconi in "Crispino."

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS BY ELIZABETH AKERS (FLORENCE PRECY). Boston: Ticknor & Fields. This is a beautiful little volume, in blue and gold, full of very pretty poems.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, of Philadelphia, have published no less than seven comprehensive works on the subject of cookery, &c. Six of these, neatly bound volumes of 12mo. size, are of American origin, namely: "Mrs. Hale's New Cook Book," "Miss Leslie's New Cookery Book," "Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking," all three popular and well-known works; "Peterson's New Cook Book," "Wildfowl's New Cook Book," and "Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery as it Should Be." Besides the above, T. B. Peterson & Brothers have published a large and valuable work, entitled "The Modern Cook: A Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches." This is a European production, and probably comprehends all that is valuable in the art as it is practiced in Europe, and on the continent of Europe. The author is Charles C. Francatelli, formerly "maitre d'hôtel" and chief cook to her Majesty the Queen, "many of the dinners served up by whom are given in the bill of fare. Not less valuable perhaps than any of the above works is "Mrs. Hale's Receipts for the Million," comprising 4,545 receipts, facts, directions, &c., very useful in domestic economy.

THE HORSE BOOK. New York: Published by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 226 Broadway, New York. Price 25 cents—20 cents to dealers.

This little work contains 118 rules for managing and keeping a horse kindly, effectively and advantageously, in the stable and on the road, to which are added some remarks on the horse's eye, foot, and stomach, with hints on draught. The reason of every rule is given, so that its meaning and propriety being seen, it may be more readily assented to and imprinted on the memory. A personal leaves a conviction on the mind of the reader that in the management of horses humanity is the best policy.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

—Rev. Mr. Meredith, of Richmond, Va., tells of a negro woman of that region leading her people in idol dances, and giving out herself as immortal. Rev. Dr. Marshall, of Mississippi, says hundreds of negroes in that State have adopted what they call the "New Religion." They teach that God is dead; and that the

Saviour has been superseded by two old negro women, whom they worship in his stead.

—In a lead mine at Memphis, Tenn., a few days since, some specimens of red sandstone were broken open, and one was found to contain a petrified human hand, in a perfect state of preservation. In other cases parts of animals were found, and one black snake, some five feet long, was found, of the consistency and weight of stone.

—A laughable incident, and only "almost a tragedy," occurred at the Michigan State Prison, a few days ago. A large-sized convict, sentenced to solitary confinement, had been, some months before, put into one of the cells used for that class of prisoners. It is generally supposed that solitary confinement does not agree with the prisoner, but in this case it was different, for the man became so fleshy, that recently, when the authorities wished to remove him from the cell he had been occupying, it was at first thought impossible to get him through the doorway, and preparations were about being made to tear down some of the walls so as to make the egress of the fat convict possible; but, by skillful piloting and management, the ponderous mass of human flesh was transported through the door, and the fact that a reel can come out of a bottle made patent.

—There is a maniac now living in Buckland, Massachusetts, named Josiah Spalding, who, the Springfield *Republican* says, has been confined in an iron cage for over fifty years, and for more than thirty years has not a cool erect. He has become so deformed that it is impossible to straighten his limbs by manual force. He refuses to be clothed, and will not suffer anything to remain on him, and is only kept warm in winter by warming the room in which his cage is placed. He is the son of the Rev. Josiah Spalding. When he first became insane he endeavored to murder his father, mother and sister, and it became necessary to confine him so that he could not harm any one.

—A valuable collection of wild animals, consisting of elk, deer, a bear, wild-cat, puma, jaguar, and a very fine llama from South America, passed through Jersey City, last week, to the Cunard steamer, from the Northern Railroad, *en route* to Paris, as contributions to the great exhibition.

—Diamonds have been found in Hall County, Georgia, which have been examined and proved to be of real value. They were discovered by Dr. F. N. Stephenson, at a place where miners had been at work, and had the external appearance of being worthless pebbles.

—The last Dover *Observer* relates the singular case of Jefferson Chappell, of Brownsville, Texas. As the result of a rheumatic fever nine years ago, his joints have become ossified, so rigid that he has no muscular power over them; can neither chew nor swallow—has to be fed, and is an object of commiseration to all who see him.

—They are carrying on a war of extermination against rats out in Fickaway County, Ohio. At a recent hunt 15,071 were killed, and premiums of \$500, \$300 and \$200 are offered for the skins—hips producing the largest number of rat tails. This is a good way to get rid of the vermin.

—The island recently thrown up on the Florida coast, by volcanic action, has been explored, and consists mainly of quicksand, dangerous to travel on except in one small portion which is of a rocky nature. Some signs of vegetation are already apparent, some rank grasses and plants having started.

—It is said that there is a village in Vermont which has four churches. Only one of these has a bell, but inasmuch as the other denominations refuse to assist to pay for the ringing of it, the owners of the bell will not allow it to be rung at all.

—A woman in Charleston, S. C., begged for eighty dollars to bury her husband. A benevolent lady visited her home to take her the money. In a darkened apartment lay the corpse; the widow was crying and everything looked very melancholy. She left the eighty dollars and departed, forgetting her parcel. Returning, she found the corpse carefully counting the money. Color of that woman not given in the account. Color of her heart dusky, beyond a question.

—Mrs. Kate Williams, a widow lady, and her child, seven years old, were awakened at Gill's Hotel, in Chicago, a few days since, by the roaring and hissing of the flames that were consuming the building. Seizing the child, Mrs. Williams attempted to gain the window with it through the smoke. Just as she reached it, her strength being nearly exhausted, she dropped her child. At the same moment the crowd in the street shouted to her to jump, and terrified, she sprang from the window. A ladder was procured with the intention of rescuing the child, but it was deemed unsafe to attempt it. The child appeared at the window, and its frantic cries were heard by those below. The mother's heartrending accents urged those around her to save her boy, but it was too late—he perished in the flames.

—They say that a resident of Toledo, Ohio, of some wealth and any quantity of outside respectability, had a servant girl in his employ, who dreamed that No. 6,391 was going to draw a prize in O'Brien's Chicago gift enterprise. She asked him to write a letter in which she would enclose the money for that ticket. He did so. When the lottery was drawn he discovered by the papers that 6,391 had drawn \$10,000 in greenbacks. Saying nothing of this, he proposed marriage to the girl; was accepted, and immediately married. Then he informed her of the luck of 6,391, but was surprised at being told that she had afterward concluded not to buy any ticket in the lottery.

—The American Colonization Society have recently had applications from 600 colored persons to aid them in their purpose to emigrate to Liberia.

—The entire debt of the State of Virginia, including interest up to the 1st of last July, was \$42,312,297. Of the coupon debt of Virginia, there is payable, or held in New York, \$10,300,000, and in London, \$1,365,000, the interest upon which, since July, 1861, is still due.

—The whaling fleet of New England is again as large as it was before the war. There are 304 vessels, averaging 350 tons burden each, now on whaling expeditions from various New England ports, and the fleet is the largest sent to the whaling grounds by any country in the world.

—The work on the storage reservoir, to be built in Croton River, at Boyd's Corners, sixty miles from New York, will be begun immediately. The contract has been awarded to Messrs. Koch & Jenkins for \$201,000. The length of the dam, or barrier, will be 600 feet, and its height 55 feet. Just above the place where it is to be situated is a gorge, and the basin thus formed will probably contain two billion five hundred million gallons of water.

Foreign.

—It is a subject of remark in London that the Jewish inhabitants of the East End have escaped almost unscathed during the prevalence of cholera in that quarter. Only three or four cases of cholera have taken place, and the cases of diarrhea have hardly exceeded those of an ordinary summer. A similar exception was observed in 1842, when the Hebrew community only lost about one in two thousand, as compared with six in one thousand of the general population of the infected districts. Then, as now, the immunity was ascribed to certain observances and habits inculcated by the Jewish faith. For example, the houses of all Jews undergo a thorough cleansing once a year, and every room is lime-washed at least as often; more than one family never occupies the same room (two or three or more families sometimes occupy a single room among the lower orders of the surrounding population), and careful care is taken with respect to the quality of the food used, tainted provisions being proscribed, and all flesh meat being inspected by a religious officer before being consumed; and, finally, the poorer members of the community are liberally cared for through the benevolence of the rich, applications for workhouse relief not being allowed.

—The undertaker's business is a monopoly in Paris, and is farmed by the city to a joint stock company. It is said the last annual report of the manager to the shareholders of this company commenced: "Gen-

lemen, the year opened badly; the general health of the public was unfortunately excellent; a change for the better took place in September; we are happy to say the cholera made its appearance in Paris and proved fatal in the majority of cases."

—An eccentric Englishman, just dead, left a large sum of money, the interest of which is to be paid once in five years to five young maidens, who in return are required to dance round his monument.

—The Paris *Monde*, one of the leading Catholic organs of Europe, has the following lament over the precarious situation of the Pope's temporal power: "We cannot see, indeed, what is to prevent the Italian revolution from ascending to the capital. France abandons Rome; Austria makes advances to King Victor Emmanuel; all the Catholic Powers become more and more entangled in revolutionary embarrasments, under the pretext of escaping from the embarrasments of the Roman question. Christian princes seem more inclined to ally themselves with the revolution than to rise in defense of the Holy Father and the Catholic Church. Rome, then, for one reason or another, is really abandoned by men. It is quite natural, therefore, that the Cialdini, Ricasoli and Garibaldi should prepare the moral means for taking possession of it. The only power which the revolution has now to fear is God. But what is God in the eyes of certain persons who are in the high places of power? A child's scarecrow. All this is horrible, but it is true."

—The Turkish Government has given permission for the sale and distribution of the books and publications of the American missionaries throughout all parts of the empire.

—M. de Moustier, the new French Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the son of a distinguished diplomatist of the Consulate and the Empire. The father filled important missions at Dresden, Baden and Stuttgart, under the first Napoleon. The son was elected to the French Legislature in 1849, from the department of Doubs, and began his diplomatic career in 1853 as French ambassador at Berlin. When he was appointed to succeed Drouyn de L'Hays as Minister of Foreign Affairs he occupied the position of ambassador at Constantinople.

—The census of 1861 revealed the curious fact that in the whole south-west of Ireland there were but two Jews. One of these ancient people abode in Munster and the other in Connaught, so that they sufficed between them for a population of nearly three millions. In the metropolitan districts of Leinster 200 Jews were found, and a Jewish colony had settled about Belfast.

—The communal council of Zermatt, Switzerland, have refused to allow a monument to be erected in the churchyard at Zermatt to the memory of the unfortunate gentlemen who last year perished on the Matterhorn, unless 5,000 francs (\$1,000) is paid for the ground. Mr. McKenzie has appealed to the cantonal authorities of the Valais against the indecent greed of the local council.

ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND STATISTICS.

A GERMAN journal gives a list of dethroned Princes who now live in different parts of Europe. First there is Don Miguel, dethroned in 1830, who resides in Germany, having married a German princess; next the Count de Chambord, in exile since 1830, residing generally in Austria. With him may be joined the Orleanist Princes, who reside mostly in England. Leopold and Ferdinand of Tuscany, Francis V. of Modena, and Robert of Parma were driven from their States in 1859. The first three reside in Austria, the last in Switzerland. The following year Francis II. was sent to increase the list of retired kings. In 1862 King Otto of Greece was driven from his throne. King George of Hanover, the Elector Frederick William of Hesse, and the Duke Adolph of Nassau, have been just added to the list, which may be further augmented by the addition of Prince Couza, who now resides in Paris, and the Prince of Augustenburg, who lives in Bavaria.

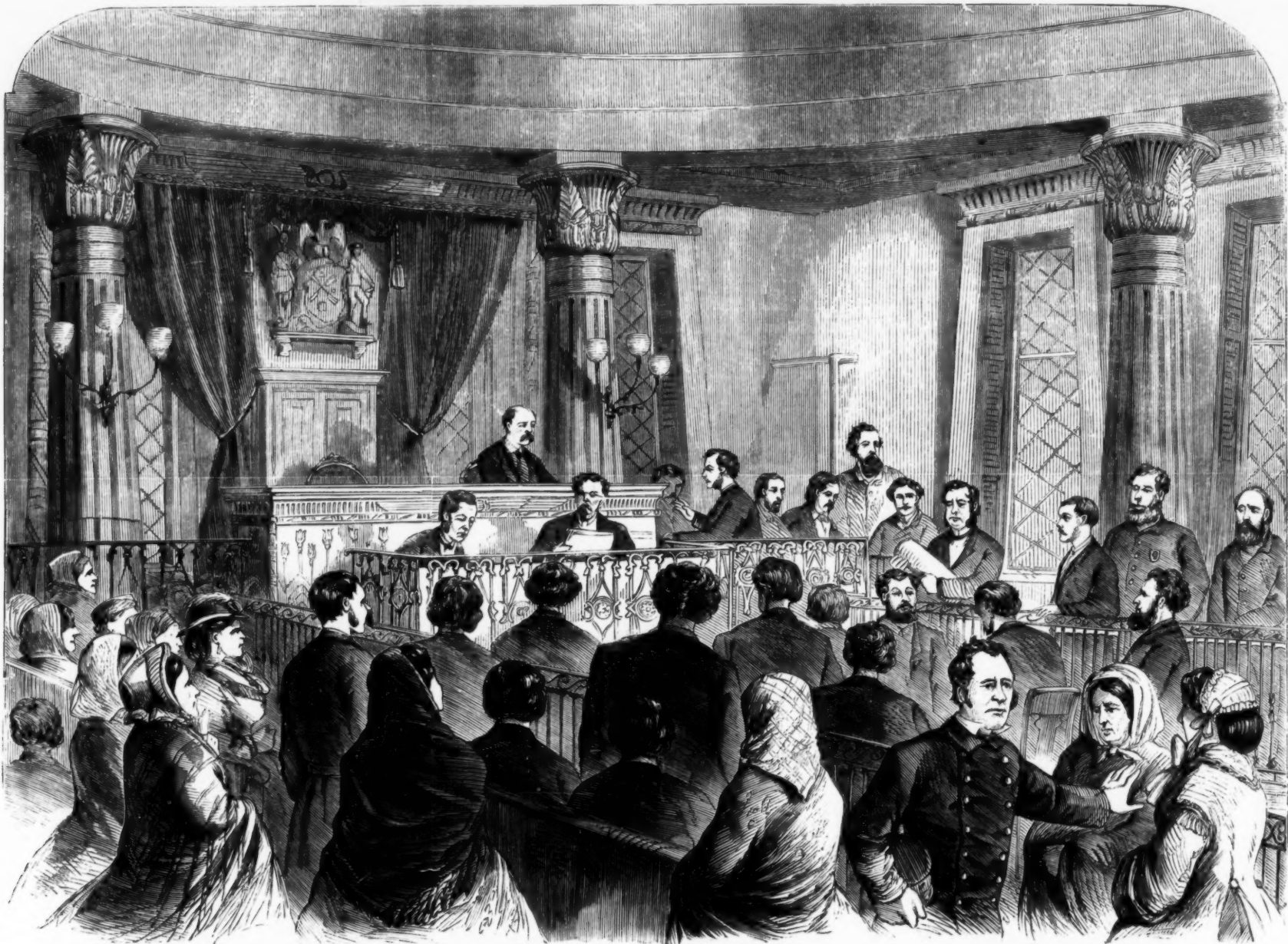
In preparing a window for the illumination of a photographer's dark room, Obermeyer mixes an acid solution of sulphate of quinine with some gum or dextrine, and paints the mixture over a thin sheet of white paper. With this he covers the window-panes, and he states that on the brightest day a window so prepared will allow no actinic light to pass.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, in his "Treatise on Ancient and Modern Learning," has the following remarks: "Few men or none excel in all the faculties of the mind. A great memory may fail of invention; both may want judgment, to digest or apply what they remember or invent. Great courage may want caution; great prudence may want vigor; yet all are necessary to make a great commander. But how can a man hope to excel in all qualities, when some are produced by the heat, others by the coolness, of the brain or temper? The abilities of a man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are abed: if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered."

"AMERICA During and After the War," is the title of a book just published in London by Mr. Robert Ferguson, from which we take the sketch of Longfellow, the poet:

"I found him in his study, an elegant and cheerful room, in one corner of which a fine orange tree, with its golden fruit, keeps green the memory of a departed friend, the late Professor Feist. The table is strewn with books and presentation copies, in various languages—say, even in Chinese. But the ways of the Chinese are not as our ways, and this presentation copy was in the shape of a fan, on which a poet of the Flowery Land had written a translation of the Psalm of Life; and, if the translation were only as good as the writing, assuredly the work was well done. Though the features of the poet have been made familiar to us by many pictures and photographs, yet no one can see him for the first time without being struck with his appearance. His expression of mingled dignity and gentleness has been fairly presented to us; but the peculiar sweetness of his smile and the touch of spiritual beauty which often plays upon his features cannot be rendered in a likeness. Before him lies the ever open Dante, his translation of which, a labor of love, which has occupied him for some years, now approaches to completion. But Dante has not his undivided regard, and hardly would the picture of Longfellow in his study be complete without, ever and anon, through one of the "three doors left unguarded," a little figure stealing gently in, laying an arm round his neck as he bends over his work, and softly whispering some childish secret in his ear. Then, too, his work was interrupted by frequent visitors of another sort, for among the travelers of all nations the four of America would hardly be considered complete without a visit to Craigie House. And speaking fluently French, German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, and having also a knowledge of Danish and of Dutch, it may well be supposed that there seldom comes a traveler with whom the poet cannot, if need be, hold converse in his own tongue."

A VISITOR to the newly-formed volcano of Santorin tells us that he found a brilliant lichen growing in the very jaws of the crater. Under somewhat similar conditions, geology affirms, was organic life originated on our globe. The opponents of the doctrine of self-production will insist that the germ of the lichen was conveyed in some way to the spot, and there took root.



THE COURT OF SPECIAL SESSIONS, AT THE HALLS OF JUSTICE (TOMBS), CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK, JUDGE DOWLING PRESIDING.

A NEWSPAPER THIEF AT THE TOMBS.

We give in the present number a view of the Court of Special Sessions, Halls of Justice (Tombs), as it appeared on Saturday morning, the 30th of Sep-

tember, on the occasion of a certain trial of which the issues involved were much more important than seemed to be the case under examination. For some time past it has been evident to the employees of FRANK LESLIE engaged in the publication of the CHIMNEY CORNER, that serious depredations were being committed upon

the numbers of that paper very soon after its issuing from the press. In fact, so extensive did those depredations become, that during some weeks the loss went beyond hundreds and reached thousands—no small item, even with a publication which, like the CHIMNEY CORNER, now spreads its myriads over the whole length and breadth of the land. For a considerable time no clue was afforded to the depredators, though suspicion naturally rested upon some of the employees in the printing department. At length Mr. Leslie, not only anxious to avoid and punish robbery of his own property, but to protect other publishers from like depredations, engaged the aid of the police department, and the special services of Detective Bennett, who, after close and careful watch, was finally enabled to secure an example. This was Richard Walsh, a press boy employed upon the paper, who, on Wednesday morning, was detected and arrested when leaving the press-room with a bundle of the CHIMNEY CORNER under his arm. Another arrest was made, but the stolen property not being found upon the second supposed-culprit, no conviction could be had in his case. Walsh was brought up at the Special Sessions, before Police Justice Joseph Dowling, on Saturday morning, the 30th; and the evidence given by Detective Bennett and some of the employees of FRANK LESLIE being positive as to the identity of the property taken, the finding on the person, and the strict rules of the office against the appropriation of even a single copy of any of the publications without leave, Justice Dowling found Walsh guilty of the offense charged, and sentenced him to the Penitentiary for three months. There is too much reason to believe that Walsh was only one of very many who have carried on similar practices, at this office and elsewhere, and that disreputable newsdealers have been in the habit of supplying themselves, through that agency, with papers so surreptitiously obtained. It is, of course, the interest of all New York publishers to work together in detecting and punishing crime of this character; and while it is to be hoped that this single conviction will do much to prevent similar offenses, it is also to be expected that a like severity will hereafter be shown by other publishers, whose property Mr. Leslie is really protecting by thus protecting his own. The Special Sessions at the Tombs always present a picturesque feature of city life; and our artist, who was present at the trial of Walsh, has admirably succeeded in rendering the details of what is a "city institution," however peculiar.

POLICE JUSTICE JOS. DOWLING.

In connection with the picture of the trial of Richard Walsh, at the Tombs, we this week present an excellent portrait of Police Justice Joseph Dowling, of the Halls of Justice Police Court, who on that occasion presided at the Special Sessions. The portrait is a marked one, and it does not need an extraordinarily skillful disciple of Lavater to know that it represents one of the "men of the time," notable in his peculiar walk, and one of the last men in the world with whom trifling, in the sense of victimizing, would be possible. "Trifling," in another sense, and at the proper time, would not be at all correspondingly dangerous; for those who best know Justice Dowling best know that his sense of humor is quite as keen as his sense of abstract justice. A New Yorker by birth and life-long residence, Mr. Dowling was for many years connected with the Police Department in the character of Detective

and Captain before reaching the bench; and it is no doubt to the experience thus acquired that much of his admitted legal common sense and readiness of justice is owing. There were no hardier or more resolute arresters of the desperado than "Joe Dowling," of the old days, as many a physical mark can now bear witness, and it is not likely that such a man can be easily swayed by fear or favor when in his present higher position. Indeed, that the Police Justice yet holds the reckless bravery of the officer, was evident only a few weeks ago, at Long Branch, when one of the New York State Senators came so near losing his life in the heavy surf, and when the Judge, reckless of his own safety, was not too far from following him in the persistent attempt at his rescue. We have no data for the age of Justice Dowling, but he is probably about half-way



THE LATE REV. DR. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, RECTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 71.



POLICE JUSTICE JOSEPH DOWLING, HALLS OF JUSTICE POLICE COURT (TOMBS), CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.

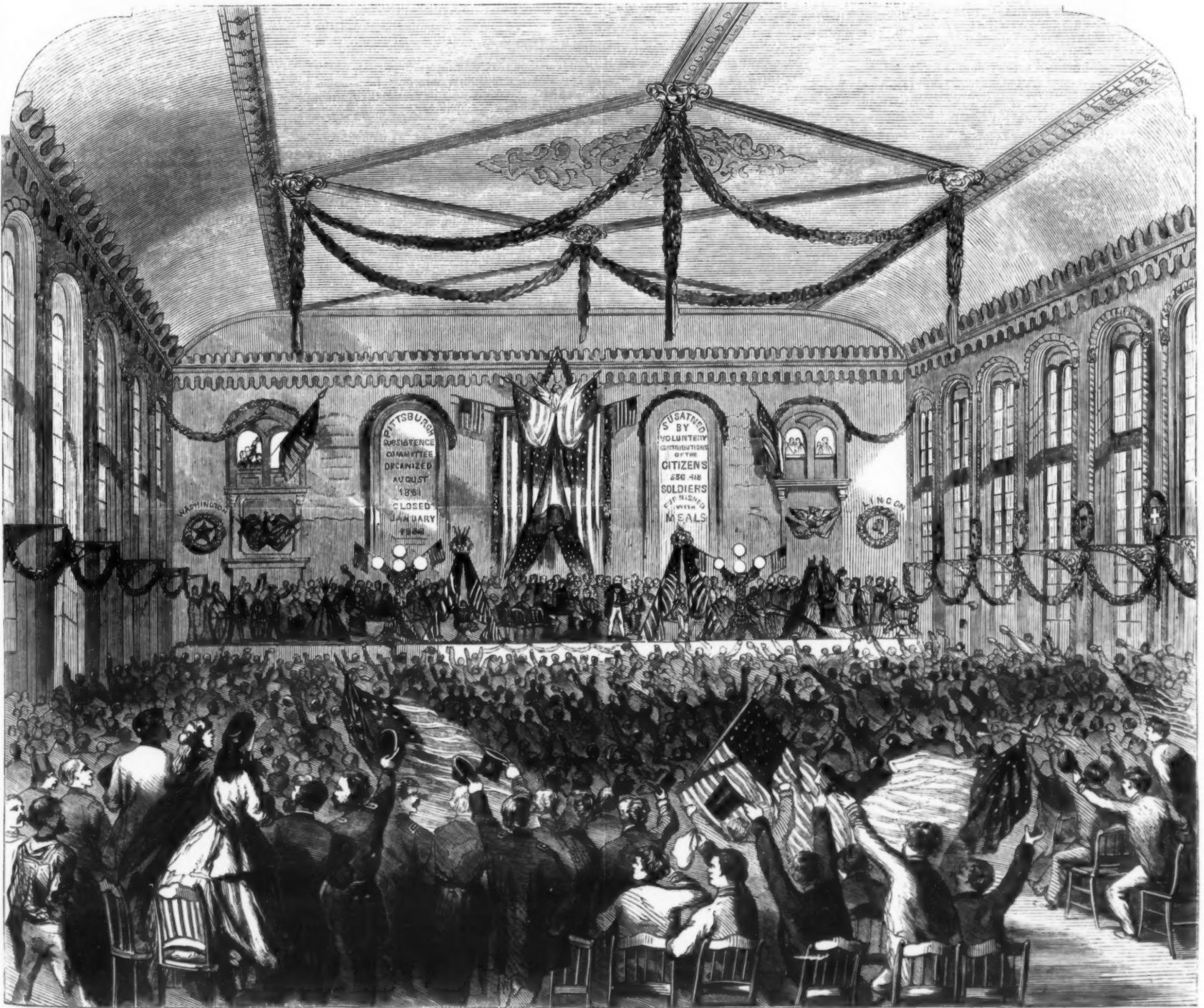
between forty and fifty, an age at which he has yet in him, as we hope and believe, many years of popularity, labor, personal enjoyment, and terror to evil-doers.

SINGULAR PETRIFICATION.—In exhuming the bodies interred in the Potters' Field of the new graveyard, a short time ago, one of the coffins broke, and revealed to the astonished gaze of the grave-diggers the remains of a Federal soldier, perfectly petrified, and looking as natural as life. What was further remarkable, he had not been buried upward of nine months. A new coffin was procured, and this remarkable image of nature's workmanship recommitted to its mother earth in the soldiers' burying-ground. Several prominent gentlemen of our city visited the spot at the time, and can testify that the body had turned to solid stone, with all the features as natural as life. The ground where he was buried is low, and damp most of the year. —*Mobile Advertiser.*



SIGNOR GIORGIO RONCONI, THE CELEBRATED OPERATIC BUFFO-BASSO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, N. Y.—SEE "TOWN GOSSIP," PAGE 67.

SIGNORINA RONCONI, THE YOUNG OPERATIC PRIMA DONNA, SOON TO MAKE HER DEBUT IN AMERICA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, N. Y.—SEE "TOWN GOSSIP," PAGE 67.



THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION HELD AT THE CITY HALL, PITTSBURGH, P. A., SEPT. 20TH, 27TH AND 28TH, 1866.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. JOHN T. GORR.—SEE PAGE 71.

COMING BACK.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

Twice "boot and saddle" early,
And round the world away;
And now the dream is over,
The vision past away.
At every fount of pleasure
These lips have quaffed their fill;
Hot heart and eager spirit
Are quiet now, and still.

Back to the home of childhood,
Back to the loves of old—
But, ah, the home looks smaller,
The gentle hearts are cold.
Some beat no more forever,
And some have grown estranged,
And life and love together,
And they and I have changed.

The dew is off the blossom,
The red has left the rose;
In place of Spring's sweet violets,
I see the winter's snows,
And a grave in yonder churchyard,
Cold heart and silent tongue,
Where once I hoped to find the face
I "loved when I was young!"

Oh, leap to "boot and saddle,"
Love all your youth away,
Crowd life's most glorious pleasures
In one ecstatic day!
Yet all the while, remember,
Your "coming back," must be
A lonely dream of sorrow,
As mine has been to me!

THE SERPENT

AND

THE CROWN.

PART THIRD.—THE SERPENT AND THE CROWN.—

(CONTINUED.)

The next morning after the receipt of this letter De Chastain abruptly announced his intention of going to Belleville. He said, and truthfully, that the love and gratitude which now filled to overflowing his passionate heart would not let him rest until he had poured them out at the feet of the angel who had saved him. Beyond this, it was his first duty to acquaint Mr. Lee with the fact of his love for Amy, and demand his permission to address her as a suitor. This could not be done by letter. The more manly and straightforward course was to seek a personal interview, for, though born and educated a gentleman, he felt that, in the eyes of the world, his position did not entitle him to aspire to the hand of so wealthy an heiress. Glandestine, or even merely diffident proceedings, such as letter-writing would be, could not aid him in overcoming this obstacle. Mr. Lee would despise him if he did not boldly come forward to avow the truth and to ask, face to face, for the boon he craved, but was so little worthy of. Though he felt that he risked all on one hazard, cowardice, at least, should not lessen his chances.

I could not but agree that this was the most honest and manly course, and I saw him depart, timid and trembling at the uncertainty of his fate, but with the assurance in my own heart that I had read Arthur Lee's character aright, and that he would not reject for his daughter a heart that was full of noble and holy aspirations, or a hand honest and true, merely because the world's dross had had no chance to sully it. On the third day after his departure I received news from him which confirmed my anticipations. He wrote in a most joyous strain, for Mr. Lee had accepted him as a suitor for his daughter's hand, conditionally and with a year's probation, and Amy had accepted him unconditionally, for she loved him with her whole heart.

Leaving him to the enjoyment of a perfect happiness—which, alas! was to endure but for a brief space then—I must return for a moment to the detail of certain mysterious occurrences which happened in my own house during his absence. The doors of the passage between our rooms had not been again closed, and on the second night after his departure I was aroused from a deep sleep by a sound in his room as of some person walking heavily across the floor. I arose instantly, and, taking a candle which stood on the mantel, I lighted it and entered the passage way. The sounds grew louder as I advanced, and when I crossed the threshold of his room, I perceived that the floor shook beneath my feet, as if from the concussion of a heavy weight. I saw nothing, and the sounds and jarring ceased in a very few moments. After waiting and listening for some time, I returned to my bed, and was no more disturbed that night. The next night, however, both disturbances recurred, and this time the concussions were so violent as to shake the whole house and rouse the servants; but, as it ceased before they could get down-stairs, I easily quieted them by attributing the noise to something going on in the next house. From this time the noises recurred regularly, exactly at midnight, and on the fourth or fifth night I detected a sibilant murmur in the air, which grew louder as I approached De Chastain's bed, and finally seemed to shape themselves into articulate words:

"Where is he? Where is he?"

From my former terrible experience, I could not doubt that this was the effect of the spells of the sorceress; but now I felt little or no fear; first, because her power did not seem directed to my hurt, and, secondly, because I thought I could perceive that her art was powerless to trace him where he now was. I hopefully thought that his contiguity to Amy baffled and confounded the malignancy of the fiend. One disagreeable consequence resulted from these nocturnal noises, however, which was, that my servants imbibed the belief that the

house was haunted, and left me in a body. This was but a minor annoyance, nevertheless, which I soon remedied by hiring servants by the day, who slept out of the house.

I had determined to write to De Chastain to remain where he was, at least until these disturbances ceased, for I relied upon the hope of Zillah's patience failing her after a time, but he unexpectedly returned before I had dispatched my letter.

I happened to be absent when he arrived, and my new servants never thought to inform me of the circumstance. He retired at once to rest himself after his journey, and I did not discover his presence in his room until all the servants had gone and I had locked up the house. I shall never forget the shock he occasioned me when I entered his room, according to my late custom, before retiring. I thought at first that it was some new enchantment that I saw, nor could I disabuse myself of the notion for some minutes after he awoke.

When he had finally convinced me of his personal presence, I sat down by the side of the bed, dreading to tell him of the occurrences during his absence, and fearfully awaiting the moment of their coming, which was now close at hand. At last the fateful hour struck—he was in the midst of an animated recital of some pleasures he had experienced in the society of his beloved, when he suddenly grew pale as death, his voice faltered, every limb was convulsed as with an ague, and murmuring: "Doctor, doctor! Save me! The cold wind upon my head!" sank back, fainting, upon his pillow.

At that instant the jarring footfall sounded heavily by the bedside, a burst of fiendish yet triumphant laughter thrilled through my brain, a bright flash of light appeared to dart from the air and circle round his head, and his body began to writhe as if in mortal agony, while appalling shrieks issued from his bloodless lips.

I cannot pretend to describe my feelings—they must be left entirely to the imagination. In the midst of a horror that almost paralyzed me, I endeavored to find out exactly what new torment had come upon him. At first his agony was too great to allow him to answer me coherently, but finally I understood, as much from his frantic gestures as his words, that he referred the torture to his head. With a trembling hand I began to examine his forehead, and to my intense dismay I felt a firm circure, in the shape of a narrow coronet, entirely encircling the head, and totally invisible! It was the old enchantment returned in a new form and to a new seat!

The band, or crown, appeared, from the feeling, to be composed of some elastic substance, not unlike a strip of muscular fibre, and was about two inches broad. It was at least half an inch thick, and it alternately contracted and expanded, in the manner that a sea polype employs when ensnaring its prey. Although I could plainly feel its whole outline, and even clutch it firmly, my utmost efforts were powerless to detach it from his head, to which it seemed to cling by a kind of suction. When the first fearful shock had passed, Andreas was able to inform me more particularly of the peculiar sensation it produced upon him. The agony, it seemed, resulted, not from its pressure, although this must have been tremendous, but from an intolerable burning, as though living fire followed its course about the head! But its most singular feature was that this invisible horror seemed to be endowed with sentient life. It had no form that could be associated with our ideas of vitality, being merely a flat, broad, continuous ring, but it evidently shrank from the contact of my fingers, and exerted its force upon his head the more strongly as I touched it.

When Andreas grew more calm, he implored me to use the knife upon the invisible crown, as I had done upon the viewless serpent. I complied with his request, but now a new terror was added to our fears. Although I manipulated the instrument with all the care and circumspection I should have used in a delicate surgical operation, I found that, while its outer surface afforded such a resistance to the knife that considerable force was required to overcome it, the instant that the edge reached the centre of its thickness, all resistance ceased, and the instrument, propelled by the original force exerted, gashed into the patient's scalp! It was impossible to introduce the scalpel underneath and cut outward, owing to the tenacity with which the strange substance clung to the head, and though I tried this three times, it only resulted in wounds of the scalp as before! But the most dreadful phenomenon of this operation was the fact that, no matter how often I divided it, it closed immediately, and presented, to the sense of feeling, the same continuous circle! It was evident that the enchantment was the result of a higher spell than that of the Serpent, and that the remedy in that case was powerless in this.

All night, until the upper limb of the sun rose above the horizon, this horrid torture continued. No human endurance could have resisted the ordeal had the attack been continuous, but the pain appeared to be intermittent, and though it never entirely ceased, it was at times more tolerable. When the sun rose, as I have said, it departed entirely, and De Chastain fell into deep, semi-comatose sleep, the result of complete exhaustion.

He slept for several hours, and during this time I was revolving in my mind the propriety of writing to Arthur Lee. When he awoke, his first words resolved my doubt:

"Telegraph to Amy," was his anxious whisper, "I am dying, and I shall not know peace unless she is by my side."

I hesitated no longer. In less than half an hour a dispatch was on its way to summon them to us.

It would be unavailing for the purposes of this narrative to record the anguish and terror of the two subsequent nights in detail. The same succession of supernatural marvels occurred; the

same agony visited my beloved pupil, and on the fourth day he was but a shadow of his former self, evidently sinking into the grave.

The evening of the fifth day had fallen, and De Chastain, pallid and exhausted, lay upon his couch, waiting with awful anxiety the coming of the visitation. I was, as usual, seated near, powerless to do aught to avert the stroke, and not less despondent than he, because I was impotent. Suddenly we were both roused by the sound of wheels, and the next the ringing of the street door-bell announced visitors, who, to our inexpressible joy, proved to be Amy Lee and her father.

Nothing could exceed Arthur Lee's kindness and sympathy, or Amy's heroic devotion. Scarcely waiting for the usual greetings from me, or to disrobe herself of her traveling costume, she demanded to be conducted to the presence of her betrothed at once, and her father making no objections, I immediately complied. The meeting was inexpressibly tender and mournful. Woe and waste as he was, De Chastain struggled to his feet to welcome her, and the look of perfect trust which lit up his melancholy visage as he extended his arms to receive her first caresses argued that a new hope had descended upon him at her very entrance. Indeed, her presence blessed him in more ways than one. Something of her own perfect reliance upon the goodness of God entered, for the first time, into his spirit, and a courage that was certainly not born of earthly pride, displayed itself in his manner. On her part she was not in the least demonstrative, save that her love for him could not help shining from out her soft eyes, but she quietly took her seat by his couch, holding his hand tenderly in her own; and the simple action said louder than any words, "Here is my post. By the side of my beloved I will go down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Thou, O Lord, wilt comfort and deliver us!"

When they had rested for a time, and partaken of some refreshments, Amy proposed, in a simple way, and without ostentation, as though, indeed, it were a matter of course, and the only possible thing to do, to read aloud from that blessed chart by which every Christian must direct his course. The book was accordingly procured, and during the remainder of the evening she continued at intervals to read aloud the glorious promises of the Gospel. Her low, tender, and melodious voice acquired a pathos and intensity inexpressibly affecting, yet marvelously inspiring, as she proceeded, and I could not but listen, as I listened, to a pitying angel descended from high Heaven on a special mission to our hearts. Andreas, too, was comforted and strengthened, and more than once his weak voice murmured:

"O Lord, I thank Thee, that Thou hast sent this comforter! With her, and through Thy divine aid, I can endure everything!"

When the fatal hour drew nigh she closed the book, and turning to her father and myself, said, solemnly:

"In the hour of this mysterious trial, where human aid is unavailing, our only help must come from Heaven. Let us be found, then, when the fatal moment arrives, imploring our Heavenly Father's protection and pity. 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, I will grant their request.'"

With one impulse we sank upon our knees and began to pour our hearts out, silently, before the Lord. Her trusting, simple faith, her beautiful devotion and reliance, shamed our worldly hearts with a healing abasement, and I found myself wondering, almost with horror, that my boasted manly wisdom had never once thought of this simple resource in the time of trouble, this sure refuge which all the powers of darkness could not successfully assail!

The dire moment at last arrived, and for a time we feared that God, in his inscrutable wisdom, had not seen fit to answer favorably our anguished supplications. The Curse descended as before, and once again poor Andreas writhed and shrieked in agony. The spasms even seemed to me more violent than on the previous occasions, and more than once I thought the mortal struggle had commenced. This was explained, however, at the first partial intermission of torture, during which periodical cessations of the agony he could speak, as I have before said, coherently. The explanation, too, was not only unexpected and surprising, but highly satisfactory and cheering, for it imparted hope! His first words were:

"Pray on, pray on, dear Amy! I feel that the Spirits of Evil are contending with the Angels for my tortured body. This increases my sufferings for the moment, but I have a surer courage than ever before."

Again the invisible horror seized him and racked his frame with more than mortal torture, but now I saw in his wild and frenzied eye a gleam that was not all despair, and with a full and contrite heart I thanked God and took courage.

In the next remission of the spasms the only words he said were:

"My sins, indeed, have visited me. But Thou, O Lord, art powerful to save. Aid me, in my sincere repentance, O Lord God of Hosts!"

In the midst of the next paroxysm I was watching him intently, when I saw a new and fearful horror come into his look, and following the direction of his glance, I beheld a sight which almost turned me into stone. The moment before I had felt a sudden chill, as though the wind from an iceberg had blown upon me, and when I turned, in following his eye, I saw the door wide open, and in the aperture, seemingly a picture in its frame, stood Zillah, the enchantress!

How she came there, and so noiselessly, none ever knew, but doubtless this was but a simple accomplishment of the occult power she so evidently possessed—given her for wise purposes, no doubt, but inscrutable and incomprehensible. Yes, there she stood!—the fell destroyer of our peace—in all the radiant splendor of her glorious yet demonic beauty! Come to gloat upon her victim and to enjoy her devilish vengeance, her face fairly shone with the triumph of hate and re-

vengeance, and as she stood there, so full of scornful majesty and infernal joy, I thought I had never seen so glorious a woman, or heard of so terrible a fiend!

At first Andreas and myself alone observed her. He could not, and I dared not, speak, but in an instant she spoke herself, and all became aware of her presence. In a hollow, sepulchral tone—that I can compare to nothing save the echoes of far distant, rolling thunder—and with a bitter, scornful mockery that stabbed me with every word, she slowly articulated the following malignant speech:

"So! You hope to save him from my vengeance with your prayers and tears! Ha! ha! I was warned of this, and came to see, with earthly eyes, the fullness of your misery and defeat. Hope no longer, for there is but one escape for him. He does, and must belong to me alone!"

Why did the fell sorceress, in the midst of her triumph and her power, shrink back horror-struck and despairing? Why did her trembling lips, upon which yet hung the accents telling of her boasted victory, turn blue and ghastly in the flickering light? In the depth of misery and darkness, in the midst of trial, tribulation and defeat, God giveth us the victory! Praise to His holy name!

Out from behind the couch where pain and anguish tossed and writhed; out into the full radiance of the softened light moved, silently and queen-like, a glorious, white-robed angel! Before the dark embodiment of sin and evil reeling in the doorway stood a radiant, glory-crowned maiden in the heavenly dignity of virtue and of love! Majestic in the consciousness of saving faith; grand in the nobleness of her stainless truth; stately with the knowledge that "He who doeth all things well" sustained and shielded her, she moved, the chosen messenger of His will, the instrument of His terrible omnipotence! And glowing with the splendor of her seraphic glory, the evil beauty of the dark enchantress faded, before her heavenly charms, to nothingness, and became a foul and loathsome hissing and reproach. For a single moment the two women, opposing types of evil and of good, stood face to face, and then a clear and silvery voice rang out upon the air:

"Get thee behind me, Satan! Thy power is taken from thee, and thy victim freed. He is God's, and, through Him, mine. In the name of Him who burst the gates of hell and triumphed over death; in the name of Him who made and ruleth all things, I command thee to quit thine earthly form, and return unto thine appointed place!" And slowly, solemnly, with a gesture redolent of supreme power, the angelic minister described before her, in the air, the sign of the holy cross!

And now ensued a marvel wondrous to behold! A doom, so swift, appalling, awful, that its horror hath no words, leaped in an instant on the fell enchantress and cast the evil spirit into the nether pit! For a moment her beautiful form shrank and trembled like the quivering aspen leaf—and then—horror of horrors!—it changed, in one brief instant, to a wrinkled, old and hideous hag, who tottered forward in a last malignant effort to clutch the messenger of fate, swayed to and fro vainly to accomplish this, then fell upon the floor and crumbled into dust before our very eyes!

And in the very moment that the wild despairing shriek, which marked the passage of the fiend through space to hell, rang dolefully upon our startled ears, the Curse departed from De Chastain's life, and joy and peace came with his bride to bless him!

De Chastain and his noble wife have long since gone to dwell beside the spirits of the just made perfect, and I am a weak and tottering old man who, when God wills, will follow them; but should I live till all things else fade out of memory, I never shall forget to pray, as she did, when first I heard, mysteriously, her tender voice—"Lord, save us, or we perish!"

HOW TO READ A NOVEL.—I hate the virtue which affects to deprecate sensational stories. I always take one to read in the train; at least, I don't read it—I haul it lazily through my mind; it comes in and goes away. I don't try to anticipate, I don't pretend to recollect; and this, let me remark, gives excellence to the man who can write anything full of incident and character. The plot, no doubt, is useful to the author, but some of the plotless novels—those that are the most permanently interesting—have no plot which absorbs you. They entertain you as you go along. The best light literature might be read backward. Take *Pickwick*, for instance; you can begin anywhere, and move either way; the part under the eye is sure to delight you. Indeed, I would advise any one who begins to suspect any interest in the plot of a novel, to kill it at once by turning to the end of the third volume, and seeing how the hero is finished off. Then, having cracked the shell, pulled out the thorns, and peeled off the skin of the fruit, at it at your leisure. If you are eager to know the end, you cannot enjoy the present. A good story is like a life full of immediate interest; and as a wise man will not vex himself about what is to be, so a wise reader will not destroy the passing entertainment of his book by permitting his thoughts to travel onward, and wonder how it will all end. He will extinguish this care at once by looking at the end, and then follow such life as the book may possess.

A FRIGHTENED WITNESS.—The Supreme Judicial Court for Hillsborough county, N. H., is now in session at Nashua. On Thursday afternoon an old man from Manchester, being upon the witness stand, actually became insane under the excitement of examination. He rushed out of the court-room, throwing away his pocket-book and other effects, followed by a crowd of policemen, lawyers and spectators. He ran a full mile, evidently aiming for the Merrimack river, before being caught. He was carried by force to the Indian Head Hotel, remarking on his return, that "in five minutes more he would have been where he could not have been captured."

THE IMPUDENCE OF HIM!—A young man, dressed as a woman, has been peddling hoop-skirts in the western part of Connecticut. He spent his nights generally as the guest of some farmer's family, frequently being allowed the spare room, and sometimes taken as a chum by one of the female members. He was discovered in New Britain, but succeeded in eluding a prosecution.

REAR-ADMIRAL F. H. GREGORY, U. S. N.

THE obituary of the week has received a notable addition in the name of Rear-Admiral Francis H. Gregory, an old and honored officer of the United States Navy, who died in Brooklyn on Thursday morning, the 18th of October, at the age of seventy-six. Admiral Gregory was a native of New Haven, Connecticut, and entered the navy as a Midshipman, in 1809, at the age of twenty, after two years in the merchant service. He served with distinction on the Lakes in the war of 1812, as Lieutenant; and was afterward captured by the British and impressed into their service, though he made his escape at a very early day. During the Mexican war he did excellent service as Commander of the frigate *Baritan*; and on the breaking out of the late rebellion, though then on the retired list, he at once put himself in communication with the Navy Department, asking active employment. This was accorded to him, though on land, in the supervision of the building of iron-clads at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and elsewhere in the harbor—an employment in which he took a marked interest, and conferred many advantages on the service. He was commissioned (from Commodore) as Rear-Admiral in July, 1862, and at the time of his death ranked fifth on the retired list of the United States Navy. One episode in a highly useful and honorable life will be well remembered when recalled—the rescue of the *Amistad* slaves, many years ago, and their restoration to freedom. The portrait of the Admiral in the present number well conveys the features of one of the marked men of an age and a service all too rapidly passing away.

DISINTERING THE UNION DEAD At Fair Oaks and Seven Pines.

A SUGGESTIVE recollection of the great struggle for the preservation of the Union is supplied by one of the illustrations of our present number, which shows the Government burial corps disintering the bodies of the soldiers at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, two of the fatal but glorious fields of the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond—for re-interment in the new cemetery at Seven Pines. These burial corps, as the picture shows, are principally composed of negroes, with white men directing their operations; and it is almost unnecessary to say that their necessary but repulsive labor is much less unpleasant than it would have been if entered upon a year earlier; the first stages of decomposition having now removed most of the fleshy substance from the bones of the buried heroes. Most of these bones are found discolored and actually black from the well-known dampness of the grounds along the line of defense; and it may be a matter of additional interest to know that, in their hasty sepulture, the Union lads were not always or often left alone—three or four bodies being generally found in the same grave. Long and honored may their rest be in the other and better-appointed grounds to which the hands of surviving Union-lovers consign them!—and equally long before the deeds by which they aided to preserve our liberty shall be forgotten!

REV. DR. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, OF CALVARY.

THIS venerable ecclesiastic, of whom we present an accurate likeness, died on Thursday morning, the 27th September, at his residence in this city, at the ripe and yet not valedictorian age of sixty-eight; and his death has left a vacuum in the Episcopal communion, the best evidence of which might have been found in the feeling manifested in the session of the Episcopal Convention held on the day of his death, and the tribute paid him by Bishop Potter. Dr. Hawks was born at Newbern, N. C., on the 10th of June, 1798; entered the University of North Carolina at the age of fourteen, and graduated in 1815—then only seventeen years of age. For a brief period, shortly after attaining his majority, he was a member of the North Carolina Legislature, and signalized his progress in the legal profession by adding two books to the legal lore of the State. He abandoned the law for the ministry, however, about 1825, and was ordained in the Episcopal Church in 1827. In succession, thereafter, he officiated at New Haven, Conn.; at St. James's, Philadelphia; at St. Stephen's and St. Thomas's, New York City. The degree of D. D. was conferred on him, by both Columbia and Union Colleges, in or about 1833-4. In 1834 he was appointed Missionary Bishop in the Southwest, but declined the appointment. He went to England in 1836, on a mission for the General Convention of the Episcopal Church; and after his return became one of the founders of the New York Review. In 1843 he removed to Mississippi, and received the appointment of bishop of that diocese, but again declined, and shortly afterward returned to New York, and became Rector of the Church of the Mediator, and afterward of Calvary Church. It was in connection with the latter that he was best known and presumably most useful—"Dr. Hawks, of Calvary," being one of the names world-wide known and honored, for years past, as it will be for many a year in the future.

THE PITTSBURG SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION.

THE illustration on page 69, in the present number, is of the meeting and place of meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at Pittsburgh, held on the 26th, 27th and 28th of September, under auspices which gave the event much interest and significance. A Convention of nearly the same name had met but a few days before at Cleveland, Ohio—its well-known object being to prove that the hearts of the two armed wings of American power (the army and navy) were with the President and opposed to Congress, with reference to their varying policies of restoration. Under these circumstances, it was not unnatural that that very large body of the soldiers and sailors of the late war, who did not sympathize with the President but endorsed the action of Congress, should seek an opportunity of expressing their opinion in a corresponding manner. As many had believed in advance, but against the doubts of many others, the Pittsburgh Convention threw that at Cleveland entirely in the shade; and it reflects no discredit upon the latter to say that the "fighting element" of our late national successes was much the more largely represented in the gathering at Pittsburgh. As the illustration supplied by our special artist evidences, the assemblage was equally numerous, decorous and enthusiastic, while there seems to have been an unimpeachable taste displayed in the decorations of the hall, which embraced stands of arms, flower-wreathed shelves of the golden grain of the Great West, the corps badges of the different army corps dependent from the columns, the American flag profusely draped above and among the ranks of its brave defenders, and all these other appliances calculated at once to strike

the eye of the visitor and to bring back to the soldiers those sad, proud memories so inseparable from their days in the field and on the wave. Of the business transacted by the Convention, and the resolutions which went forth to the country and the world in the name of that body, there is no occasion to speak in this connection; our business is with the pictorial and verbal record. The first meeting, on the 27th, was organized by the election of Hon. Mr. Dudley as temporary Chairman; and the permanent Presidency, on the afternoon of the same day, was assumed by Major-General Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio, who throughout the sessions proved himself an excellent presiding officer, as he had before fully proved both his patriotism and his gallantry in the field. Whatever may have been the effect produced by the previous gathering at Cleveland, certain it is that the Convention at Pittsburgh was a most imposing and notable gathering, influential as to its effect upon public opinion, and authoritative in its demonstration that the great body of the soldiers and sailors of the Union war are thorough-going in their wish for the soundness of all planks admitted into the "reconstruction" platform.

RICE CULTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

LATE rumors, somewhat affecting the market, that, owing to peculiar conditions of weather and atmosphere, there may possibly be a considerable failure of the Carolina rice-crop, have given a particular pertinence to the illustration which we this week give of the mode of culture of that valuable cereal. There is reason to believe, now, that these rumors were founded upon local exaggeration; but the relieving of that fear, which made it doubtful whether the pet dishes of "rice-and-milk" and "rice-pudding" would not be rendered more costly in our homes and restaurants, does not take away from the interest inevitably connected with the culture of a crop just now in process of marketing.

It has been more than half-believed, by the way, by many of our Northern people, that, now that slavery was abolished, there would be no more rice raised in the United States, as the negroes were averse to laboring in the swamps. But such is not the fact. All labor performed by slaves was laid out in tasks, which had to be done every day. A task in the rice-field has always been easier than one in a cotton or corn-field, and the hands always have the advantage of a breeze from some river, unobstructed by hills or trees. The ground is always damp, also, and after a negro is acclimated, he prefers it to any other labor. He commences work at daylight, and breakfasts at seven o'clock; at eight he commences again, and generally finishes his task by two o'clock, having the balance of the day for his own pleasure. It was so under slave rule, and is so now; and at three o'clock the Northerners are often surprised to see sixty stout hands hang up their hoes and all go fishing, "their own men" for the balance of the day!

The illustrations in this number were taken by our artist on the plantation leased by Major J. C. Mann, near Wilmington, North Carolina, which was owned by General Robert Howe, of Revolutionary fame. His house on the plantation was destroyed by the British forces. In the distance is seen the Cape Fear River in the foreground is seen a "bird-minder," whose whole care is to frighten away the rice-birds, which are the greatest pests with which the planter has to deal. These birds congregate in immense numbers, and would ruin a crop in a short time if it were not for constant vigilance. The rice-fields are divided by banks, as seen in the engraving, and then are subdivided by ditches and small canals, said in "flowing" the fields as well as to draw off the water when required. Rice may be planted at any time from April 10th to June 10th, but the earlier the better, in order to get "ahead of the birds." After the ground has been "trenched" the "sowyers" come with their gourd filled with rice, and drop it into the trenches cut by the men. This work of sowing is done by young women and boys, who work with great rapidity, going almost on a full run, stooping over and watching their gourd. As much depends upon this, great care is taken in the selection of sowers. The fields are then flooded and kept under water until the rice is up, and if a good "stand," is at once weeded, but if not, it stands in the sun if the weather is warm, to force more sprouts from the seed. It is then hoed and again flooded. In about ten days the water is drawn off, and the second hoeing and weeding begins, which requires great care, as the grass which springs up among the plants resembles the rice so nearly that none but the old experienced hands are allowed to weed, an operation which requires to be done entirely by hand. After the field is carefully weeded, as clean as they weed onions in Connecticut, the water is again let on, for the "long flow." If the rice gets "sick" the water is drawn off, and a new supply let on. The crop matures in a little over four months, and is then cut by hand, as in the engraving. It is then thrashed, either by hand, as is usual, or by an ordinary thrashing machine—then run through a fan-mill, and is then ready for market, but not for consumption, as it has a tough hull upon it, which requires to be removed by machinery, and the grains polished.

In VIEW No. 7 is seen a "trunk" with which the water is held in check; it is under the special care of the overseer, as the entire year's labor depends upon his knowledge of the condition of the crop and the proper time to flow or draw off the water. The temperature of the water as well as the atmosphere has much to do with it, and should these trunks or gates get out of repair, and let the water on or off even for one night, it might utterly destroy the crop. Mr. Scott, who has charge of the plantation under notice, is a New Englander, who has mastered the science and manages the crop with great ability. As the water of the Cape Fear is salt at this point, and salt water is poison to rice, the main canals from the artificial ponds are controlled by "gates," as seen in Engraving No. 8. When the water is drawn off the fields into the canals again, it is let into the river at low tide, as at high tide the waters are much higher than the fields. They are protected, however, by large banks, something like the levees on the Mississippi. With which brief and, yet it is hoped, satisfactory condensation, we must leave the subject, confident that the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S will know at least something more than before of the origin of their beloved "rice-pudding."

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE!"

SCARCELY second in audacity, if second in importance, to the laying of the Atlantic Cable, was that freak which sent the miniature ship *Red, White and Blue* from New York to London, making that wonderful passage in only thirty-four days, about the ordinary average time of a thousand-run sailing packet. Most of our readers will remember the starting of the *Red, White and Blue*, a couple of years ago, and her disappearance—

exactly where nobody can quite say—possibly to the bottom of the sea, and quite as possibly (as alleged) to some safe nook, where the sight of her would not prevent the drawing of a very heavy life-insurance by her commander. Of course, when it was known that the *Red, White and Blue* was to make the same attempt, all parties prognosticated a similar issue to the adventure; and when the little vessel (only two and a half tons) was on exhibition here, only a few could be found to pay her the attention necessary for a visit. To-day she is on exhibition at the Sydenham (London) Crystal Palace, and thousands are flocking to see her, as one of the world's wonders and the best exponent yet seen of Yankee audacity. The picture of the vessel, which we this week present, is one taken within the Palace, and giving at least a suggestion of the architecture of that wonderful building. In addition, and in connection, we also present accurate portraits of Captain John M. Hudson (a good name for an adventurous navigator!) and Miss F. E. Fitch, the shapers in that perilous enterprise.

Though one or two brief accounts have been published on this side of the Atlantic, since the arrival in England, there has as yet been no comprehensive one in any American publication, while the English papers have swarmed with full descriptions and relations of their adventures. Let us fill up this hiatus, then, briefly, after recapitulating the fact that the *Red, White and Blue* is merely a New York built life-boat (metallic), full ship-rigged, twenty-six feet long, six feet one inch wide, and two feet one inch in depth of hold, tunning two and thirty-eight ninety-fifth register; that besides Mr. Hudson and Mr. Fitch, there was on board a little pet dog Fanny, presented by Mr. Beckton, of Brooklyn; that the stores consisted of twelve ten-gallon kegs of water, two hundred pounds bread, five pounds coffee, two pounds tea, ten pounds butter, four boxes smoked herring, one dozen cans milk, several dozen cans preserved beef, turkey, chicken, soup, etc., fifteen pounds smoked beef, seventeen pounds cheese, four bottles pickles, with mustard, pepper and other spices, a bottle each of brandy, whisky, and bitters, and some medicines; and that the master's department included a boat compass, quadrant, charts, parallel rule, dividers, barometer, log-line, and glass, seven-pounds lead, anchor, and fifty fathoms of cable, American, English, and French, (signs, but nothing approaching nearer to a chronometer than the mate's silver watch.

The date of sailing was the 9th of July, and on that day, at five P.M., after being towed to the light ship off Sandy Hook, the adventurers commenced their voyage, the little ship standing out to sea with a light breeze from the south-west. At half-past seven the wind shifted to the north-west, and freshened so much that the little craft "shipped plenty of water." The crew made the unpleasant discovery that the decks leaked badly, for there was soon four inches of water in her, and their bed and provisions were wetted. At nine P.M. they managed to lose their signal-lamp overboard. They passed vessels standing in for New York and to the eastward, and at midnight took their departure from the Highlands of New York, which bore west by north one-half north, distant twenty miles.

From this time commenced the ordinary routine of a ship at sea. Captain Hudson and his mate kept watch and watch. Of course the "watch on deck" had to steer the ship. If, therefore, it was necessary to take in sail, the "watch below" had to be hurried out for the purpose, and had also to perform all the necessary ship's duties. There was a kerosene stove on board to burn coal oil, but the ship pitched and rolled about too much to use it. The consequence was that the two men, though nearly always wet through, were very seldom able to make tea or coffee, or warm their provisions. The first day's work, close hauled, gave the distance run forty-two miles. On the second day the winds were lighter, the weather finer, so that they were able to make coffee and bake out the ship. The distance run in the twenty-four hours was forty-two miles. On the 12th of July the wind shifted to the westward, with fine weather, and the men were able to partially dry some of their wet clothes and make some warm mutton soup, which is recorded as "the best ever tasted out of cans." Toward evening the wind freshened, and the little craft began to bowl off six and seven knots an hour, and in the course of the twenty-four hours made the excellent run of 108 knots. On the 13th they made the discovery that the mate's watch, their only time-piece, had got wet in the works and had stopped. It was found on examination that "she was rusty inside," so from that time forward their only indication as to time was sunset, sunrise, and meridian. In the log is recorded from day to day the expenditure of sundry cans of beef, turkey and mutton both. It is satisfactory to find that the dog was not neglected, though she eventually proved less hardy than her two-legged companions, and died just as the English coast was reached. On the third day out there is an entry, "This day expended one can of beef for the dog, as she must not be forgot." On the 14th of July they made a fair run of 139 miles, and the only remark in the log-book, apart from the ordinary entries of the ship's run, is the statement, "That cockpit of ours is a very 'hard' place. You are cramped up just high enough to catch the hips; it cramps the knees and makes us both sore. It is the 'hardest' place on board; the rest is bad enough."

The next day, Sunday, July 15th, they were baffled by light and sometimes contrary winds, making a run only of sixty-three miles, of which no inconsiderable proportion appeared to be due to the Gulf Stream. During the afternoon they were becalmed, in company with a bark about two miles distant. They set their ensign, and the bark did the same, but from the flag hanging down, they were unable to make out her nationality. Whatever his country, the captain of the bark was an ill-conditioned churl; for on a light air springing up and the little ship heading to speak her, she was round to the north and kept off, "evidently," as Captain Hudson says, "not wishing to speak us." There are very few readers who will not cordially endorse Captain Hudson's opinion when he says: "I cannot say much for that captain's humanity who would pass a small ship, with only two men in her, 500 miles from land, without desiring to speak her, even if he could do nothing." Bowling along before favorable winds, the little ship made runs of 92, 124, 104, and 115 miles in the course of the twenty-four hours, and everything went on pretty favorably, except that when nine days out poor Fanny is logged, "ack; will not eat."

On the 20th of July the wind drew ahead, and they only made a run of twenty-six miles. The next day it became rather more favorable, and they got a distance of seventy-two miles out of their little craft. On the 21st they ran out of the Gulf Stream, which had hitherto been helping them famously on their voyage. The record of discomfort is continuous; seldom a day passes without such entries as "shipping water," "no cooking to-day," "ship makes water in around the gunwale, when it is under water." Fortunately for these poor sodden navigators, the temperature of both air and water had been high since leaving New York. But on running out of the Gulf Stream there was an immediate fall of something like twelve degrees below in the air and water, and they now began to experience the additional discomfort of cold.

On the 4th of August they sighted a bark, the first sail seen for twenty days, and saw the sunset the first time for ten days. The next day, Sunday, August 5th, they saw another ship. She ran down to them, and proved to be the bark *Princess Royal*, of Nova Scotia. She hove to, and the little ship ran under her lee, and got from her a bottle, an old white signal-light, and the *Irish Times* and *Freeman's Journal* of July 24th. The bark was eleven days out from Dublin, bound to Quebec. The reasonable gift of rum they found "very good for wet days."

On the 6th the seas ran so high that the little ship took in two over the stern, or, rather, the fragments occasioned by her sharp stern splitting them as they flew past her. About five P.M. a blind sea took her and hove her on to her starboard beam-ends. On letting go the topsail halyards she righted in about half a

minute. There is something almost comical in the entry recording this event, which says: "We have carried sail pretty hard, but never saw her do that before. The dangerous sea was the cause, as we only had foresail, fore-topmast, fore-topmast staysail and jib set." During the whole of the beginning of August she experienced strong westerly and north-westerly winds, which enabled her to lay her course, but which caused her to ship so much water that captain and mate were never dry, and suffered much from cold and exposure. On Sunday, 13th of August, they got an observation of the sun, and found they had overrun their reckoning about sixty miles in a run of 8,900 from New York; considering that they had for the most part been navigating by dead reckoning, the error was really very small. They found that Ushant bore south, twenty-seven miles, and from this point they took a fresh departure and stood up the English Channel. They were soon in the track of shipping, but none seemed to have troubled themselves about the diminutive stranger, until an American bark, the *Nellie Morryman*, of New York, Captain H. A. Hawlings, gave them two bottles of brandy, a broken white signal-lamp, and the bearings of the Bill of Portland.

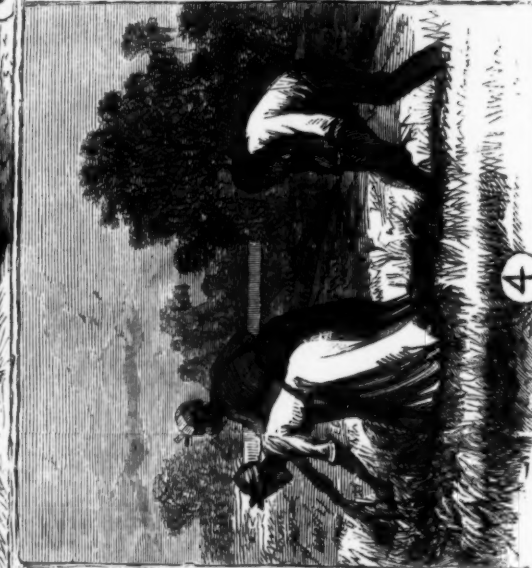
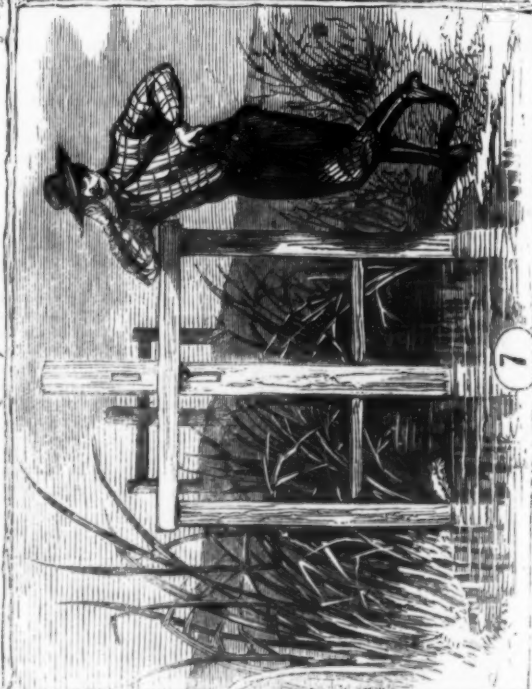
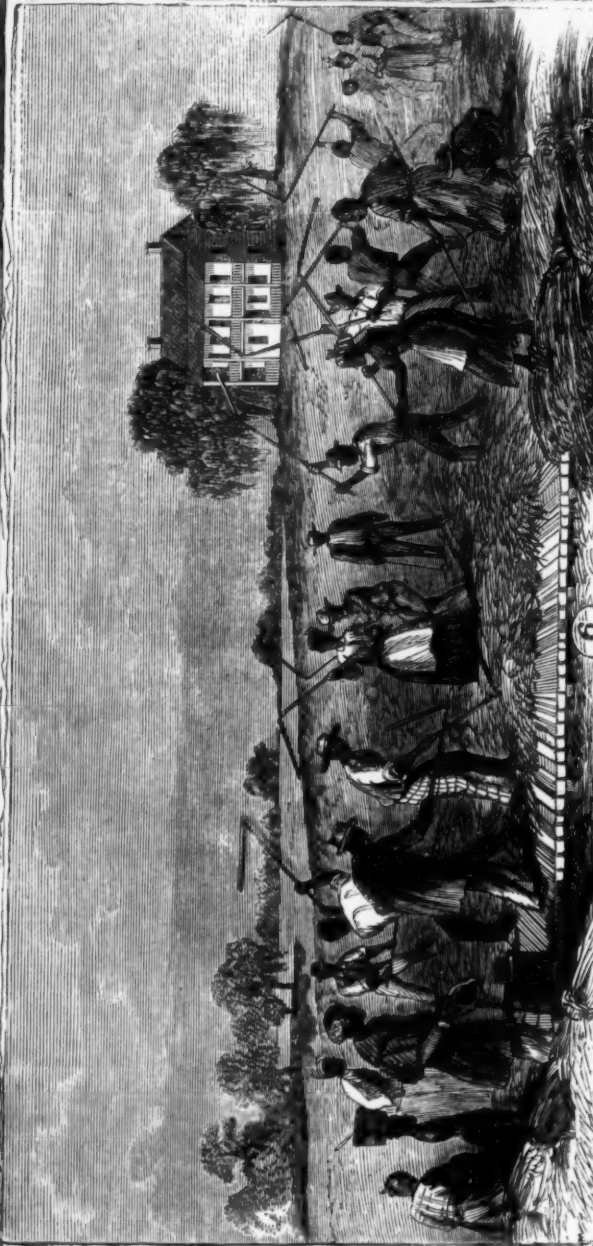
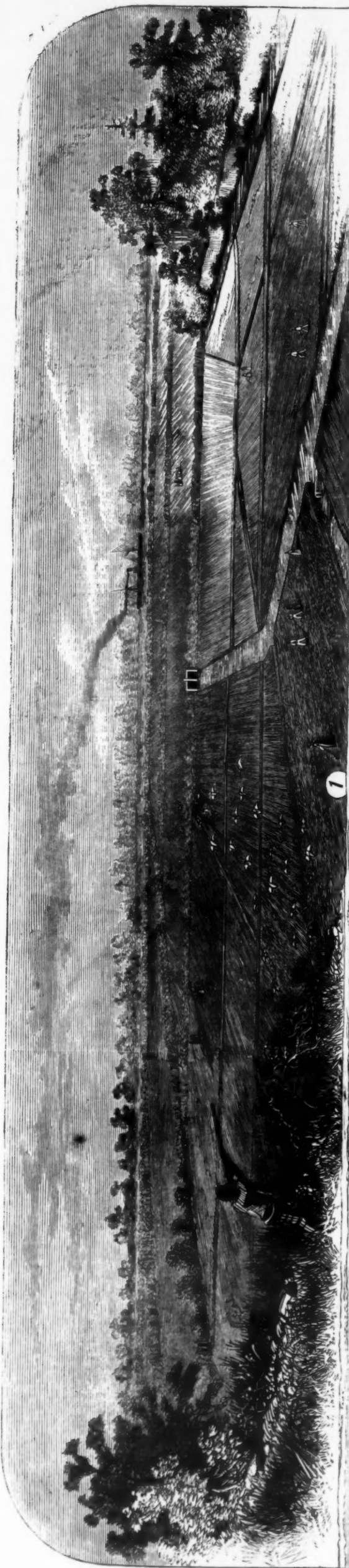
Passing up Channel with a flowing sheet, they made all the well-known points in succession, communicating at Hastings with some fishermen, from whom the news of their arrival was first heard, and by whom Captain Hudson and his mate Mr. Fitch learned that the Great Eastern had successfully laid the Atlantic cable. At Deal they got the offer of a pilot, which was declined. Rounding the South Foreland, she beat up against a head wind to Margate. On the afternoon of the 16th, when abreast of that place, it came on to blow so hard that they gladly accepted the offer of Captain Thomas Walther, of the boat *Jessie*, who took hold of the little ship, and towed it into the harbor. The crowd on the pier cheered them lustily, and for the next forty-eight hours the little ship was visited by thousands, of whom some were skeptical enough to express doubts that so small a craft had ever performed so long a voyage. For the first time for thirty-four days, these wet and weary men enjoyed the luxury of stretching their stiffened limbs and of sleeping in a dry bed. They remained at Margate till Saturday, the 18th, when about two P.M. they made sail with a light wind, and beat up for the mouth of the Thames. The wind was light, and the ebb-tide strong, so that it was four A.M. on Sunday morning before they were abreast of Sheerness. At six A.M. the steamship *Londonerry*, Captain Whitte, ran alongside and kindly offered to tow them up to Gravesend. The offer was gladly accepted, and they went up the river astern of the steamer, furling sails and taking things comfortably. This extraordinary voyage was performed in thirty-four days from New York to the chops of the Channel, thirty-eight days to Margate, and forty days sixteen hours to Gravesend. From Greenhithe, where the *Red, White and Blue* was eventually anchored, she was conveyed for exhibition, as before noted, to the Sydenham Crystal Palace, where she now lies, and has since been attracting crowds of visitors. Such is briefly, and yet comprehensively, the record of the most audacious, and (let the truth be told) fool-hardy adventure, even of the "universal Yankee nation," an adventure which will always be admired as a sort of monstrosity in daring, but which, if mankind do not become greater fools than we apprehend, will not soon be imitated. The world has learned nothing from it, more than the "pluck" of the men—except, possibly the fact that Columbus did not do quite so rash a thing as was supposed in going out on the Western ocean in his small vessels, and that the Norsemen really may have crossed in their open galleys to the north-eastern coast, as has been alternately affirmed and doubted.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE SUN FROM THE NORTH POLE.—To a person standing at the north pole, the sun appears to sweep horizontally around the sky every twenty-four hours, without any perceptible variation during its circuit in its distance from the horizon. On the 21st of June it is 23 deg. and 38 minutes above the horizon—a little more than one-fourth of the distance to the zenith, the highest point that it ever reaches. From this altitude it slowly descends, its track being represented by a spiral or screw with a very fine thread; and in the course of three months it worries its way down to the horizon, which it reaches on the 23d of September. On this day it slowly sweeps around the sky, with its face half hidden below the icy sea. It still continues to descend, and after it has entirely disappeared it is still so near the horizon that it carries a bright twilight around the heavens in its daily circuit. As the sun sinks lower and lower, this twilight grows gradually fainter, and it fades away. On the 26th of December the sun is 23 deg. and 38 minutes below the horizon, and this is the midnight of the dark winter of the pole. From this date the sun begins to ascend, and after a time his return is heralded by a faint dawn, which circles slowly around the horizon, completing its circuit every twenty-four hours. This dawn grows gradually brighter, and on the 20th of March the peaks are gilded with the first level rays of the six months' day. The bringer of this long day continues to wind his spiral way upward till he reaches his highest place on the 21st of June, and his annual course is completed.

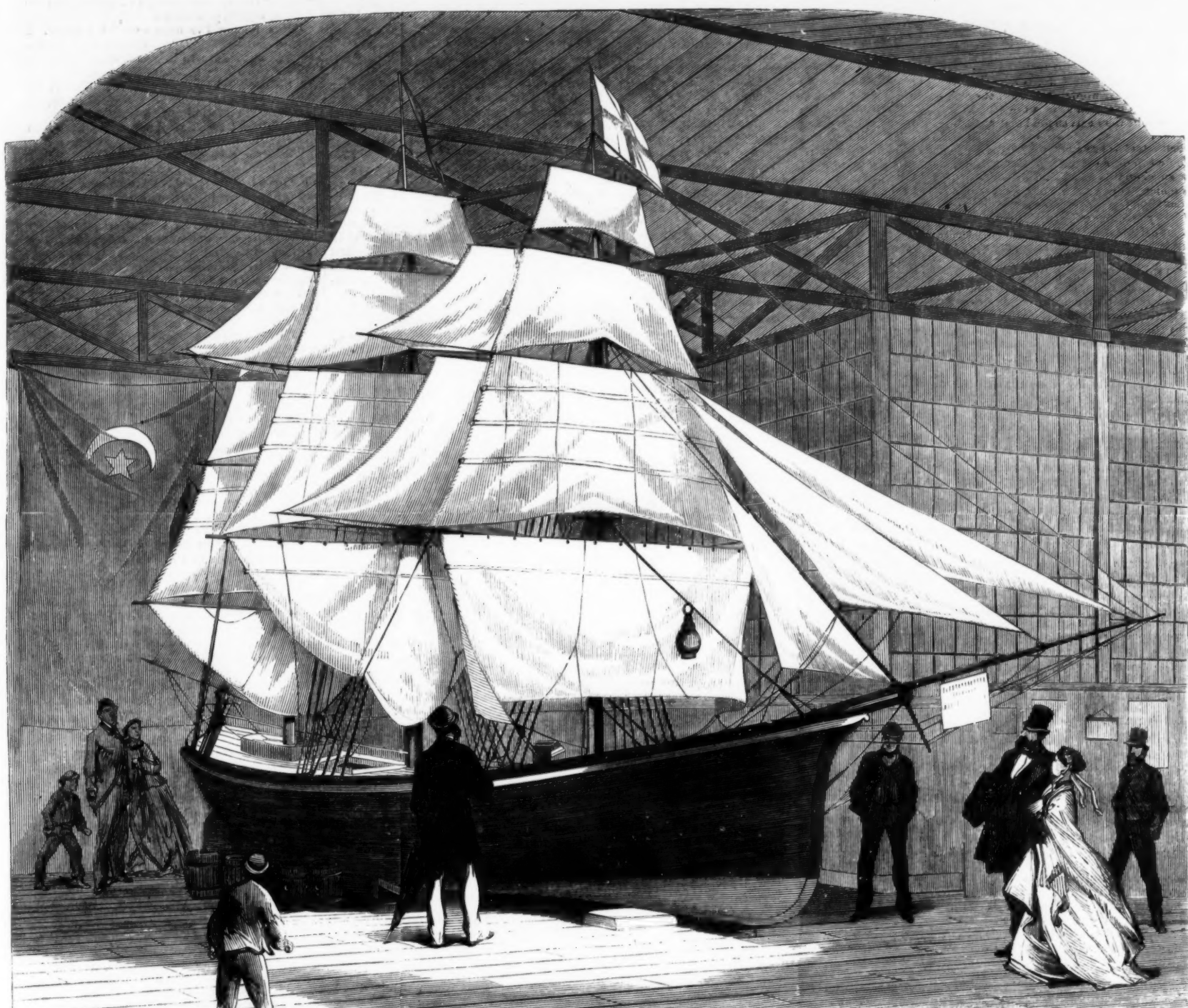
We are greatly indebted to "intelligent foreign travelers" for a knowledge of things in our own country, of which none of us ever heard. Among the latest information vouchsafed to us, a Mr. Henri Heitz, who we believe came over here as a pianist or something of that sort, gives the following account in the *Paris Moniteur*, of the way in which American ladies try pianos: "One day at a music-dealer's I was the witness of a new mode of trying pianos, such as up to that time I had never dreamed of. A lady came in and asked to look at some pianos, wishing to buy one. Three instruments were opened, and the lady energetically seizing her umbrella by the handle, drove the other extremely rapidly over the keyboard of the piano. 'The base notes are good,' she said, with a loud air; 'but do not like the high ones.' Her umbrella had only gone over the high notes. Turning to the second piano, she trotted her umbrella over in the opposite direction, commencing in the middle of the keyboard, and stopping at the lowest notes. 'The sharp notes of this are very pretty,' said she, with the same alacrity, 'but the low ones are weak. Let's see the third piano.' And this time she rolled her umbrella from right to left, shooting off a succession of most tempestuous and disagreeable sounds. 'Ah! this will do!' she said, enthusiastically, 'and I'll take it!'

ARTEMUS WARD AS AN INVALID.—"You may not be aware, by the way, that I've been an invalid here to home for several weeks. And it's all owing to my own improvidence. Not feeling like eating a full meal when the care stopped for dinner, in the South, where I lately was, I went into a restaurant and ate 30 hard-baked eggs. I think they effected my liver. My wife says so. Po. She says I've got a splendid liver for a man of my time of life. I've heard of men's livers gradually wasting away till they hadn't none. It's a dreadful thing when a man's liver gives him the shake. Two years ago, comin' this May, I had a 'tack of fever-'n-ager, and, by the advice of Miss Peasey (who continues single, and is correspondingly unpeppy in the same ratio), I consulted a Spiritualist medium—a writin' mejum. I got a letter from a celebrated Infir chief, who writ me, according to the mejum, that he'd been dead two hundred and seventeen (177) years, and liked it. He then said let the Pa. face drink some yarrow tea! I drink it, and it really helped me. I've writ this talented sage this time thro' the same mejum, but as yet I hain't got any answer. Perhaps he's in a spear where they hain't got any postage stamps. But, thanks to careful nursing, I'm improvin' rapid."

AN IMMENSE GRAIN ELEVATOR.—An immense grain elevator has just been completed at St. Louis. It has a frontage of solid stone on the river of 150 feet, and a depth of 96 feet, and towers up seven stories in height. The cost of the building was \$350,000, and the land on which it is located is worth \$100,000. There are 100 bins in which to store and receive grain, and each bin is 64 feet deep; 25 of these bins will each hold 12,500 bushels, and the remaining 75 have a capacity to contain 10,000 bushels, which affords the enormous storage capacity of 1,250,000 bushels.



1 Rice Plantation. 2 Planting Rice. 3 Hoeing. 4 Weeding. 5 Reaping. 6 Threshing. 7 Trunk. 8 Field Gate.
RICE CULTURE ON CAPE FEAR RIVER, N. C.—FROM SKETCHES BY JAMES E. TAYLOR. SEE PAGE 71.



THE MINIATURE SHIP "RED, WHITE AND BLUE," WHICH RECENTLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC FROM NEW YORK CITY TO THE ENGLISH COAST IN THIRTY-FOUR DAYS.—SEE PAGE 71.



CAPT. JOHN M. HUDSON, OF THE "RED, WHITE AND BLUE."—SEE PAGE 71.



MR. F. E. FITCH, MATE OF THE SHIP "RED, WHITE AND BLUE."—SEE PAGE 71.

MY DAUGHTER AT SEVENTEEN.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

My daughter!—on this happy day,
Your birth-day, and upon this page
Where pleasant friends their tributes lay
To mark your dearest, sweetest age—
My daughter!—let those words appear,
Those two dear words, so much that speak—
That fill with pleasant sounds the ear
And throbs the heart so fond and weak.

My daughter!—once again they stand,
Those two dear words that will not cease,
Like angel guards on either hand,
Lapping you in a heaven of peace:—
My daughter!—rosy seventeen
Makes you a woman—gentle, mild,
All that earth's dearest could have been;
But leaves you yet, thank God, my child!

Be still the child of love and hope,
The morning flower that fears the sun,
Yet shedding down my life's dimm'd slope,
A fragrance from true goodness won.
Love virtue—knowledge; hold your friends
The dearest, that not every day
A new and dear one fortune sends,
With the next dawn to pass away.

My daughter, resting on your hair
I see a light not all may see,
And in your blue eyes smiling fair
The heaven of peace shines out to me.
Go with us there—nay, lead us there,
Where human loves, the dearest, best,
Grow deathless in that holier air—
Where love is heaven, and heaven is rest.

THE FREAK OF A GENIUS.

I.—ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

"St. George!"
"Kent."
"We are going out to-night."
"Very well."
"It is now ten. I'll give you half an hour to dress."
"Ten minutes will be quite enough."
"No, we are going among ladies, and you must look your best."
"To hear is to obey."

A pause followed the brief dialogue—a pause during which Kent continued to walk up and down the room and St. George to lie motionless on a couch. Nothing could have been more striking than the contrast between the two. Kent, a man past forty, was as ugly as it is possible for a person to be without any positive deformity. St. George, a youth of nineteen or twenty, was as beautiful as a Greek statue. Kent was very tall, with a student stoop of the broad shoulders; uncouth in figure and ungraceful in gesture. A massive head, covered with a growth of dark hair, already streaked with gray; the lower part of the face was hidden by a shaggy beard; the features were roughly hewn, the cheek bronzed, the high brow lined with marks of thought or care; in the keen, dark eyes lurked a latent fire; his voice was harsh, his laugh sardonic, his manner commanding and abrupt. St. George was of middle height, slender yet well knit, and every limb so perfectly proportioned that strength and beauty were harmoniously blended. His face was classically molded; a low, broad forehead, shaded by clustering rings of bright brown hair, with arched brows darker than the hair; large white lids hid the eyes, and long lashes rested on cheeks as smoothly rounded as a girl's. The nose, that rarely perfect feature, was without fault, yet not characteristic, for the disdainful nostrils were full of spirit. A boyish mustache made the red lips look redder, and the graceful chin had the upward curve of the Antinous, giving the face that indefinable expression of power, pride and passion, which redeemed its beauty from effeminacy. Kent roamed to and fro with the restless step of some wild creature caged but not conquered. St. George lay on the low couch, with his handsome head pillowed on his arm, as tranquilly as a sleeping child. Till his friend spoke, nothing had marred the beautiful serenity of his face; now a slight frown contracted the brows, and a petulant motion was observable in one of the crossed feet. Kent paused and eyed him with an air of almost paternal admiration before he spoke again.

"Have you no curiosity to know where you are going?"
"Not a particle," returned the other, without troubling himself to open his eyes.
Kent smiled grimly as he resumed his march.
"Perhaps you will when I tell you more. Listen, if you please."
"I do," and the young man half turned his head.

"You are going to see two young girls to-night—sisters—lovely, accomplished, well-born, rich and beautiful. I intend you to marry one of them, if possible."

At this announcement, St. George opened wide a pair of brilliant dark eyes, full of mingled surprise, amazement and annoyance, as he exclaimed with a laugh:

"Rather soon for that, Kent; I'm not of age yet."

"No matter; geniuses are privileged, and any freak of this sort won't affect your inheritance if I am satisfied, you know."

"But why in such haste? Why must I give up my liberty so soon?" asked the youth, looking at his friend.

"I'll tell you why, though giving reasons for my commands and acts was not in the bond. A year ago you became famous by a very successful book. You have enjoyed your laurels for a twelvemonth and are tired of them. The world has petted you, and now begins to expect something new. You must give it amusement in return for its praise, or

it will forget you. As yet no second book is ready—"

"Whose fault is that?" interrupted St. George, with an odd smile.

Kent frowned, but took no heed, and rapidly continued:

"There was but one blemish in your first attempt, the critics said. The poet wrote of love, yet it was evident he had never felt it."

"I'm not so sure of that," murmured the boy, with a sidelong glance at his companion.

"Now, in the second book you must prove that you understand the passion of which you write; so make haste and fall in love."

"Upon my life that is the wildest plan I ever heard. How can it succeed when—"

"Leave that to me," broke in Kent. "I have my own motives for the step—nor is it as wild as it seems. You want fame; and, in the eyes of the world a marriage such as I plan for you would much increase that which you already possess. Nothing helps a poet more than living as well as weaving romances, for even those who merely watch these little love dramas are inspired, though they may not have the power to put their admiration into song. You have done well; now I wish you to do better. You are getting indifferent and lazy, you want excitement, and I mean to give it to you."

"Many thanks; but I doubt whether these young ladies will have the power to do so. Am I to adore both?"

"No; the younger is the best mate for you. She is but seventeen, and a very charming creature; the elder is your senior by a year or two, and a genius herself, so you must not think of her."

"Two of a trade never agree," as the old proverb says. I dare say you are right, and resign myself to the charming lady, if you think best," replied St. George, with a yawn.

"You take so little interest in the affair that I will arrange it for you, and give you as little trouble as possible."

"You are very kind; I leave it entirely to you. It would facilitate your project immensely if you would relieve me of the wooing and wedding also."

"Me!"

St. George had spoken impatiently, and a significant smile had touched his lips as he glanced at the rugged figure before him, but as Kent fixed his melancholy eyes upon him with that one reproachful word, the young man sprang up, and laying his hand on the other's shoulder, said, impulsively:

"Forgive me—I forgot myself. Do with me what you will; I'll not rebel."

"Go, then, and dress," was the brief order.

"And you—won't you make yourself fine for the grand interview?" asked St. George, still lingering, as if anxious to atone for some offense.

"I am well enough; who will see me when you are by? I am but a foil to the famous young poet, whose beauty, wit and genius are on every tongue."

There was no bitterness in the tone, but an accent of sadness, which touched St. George, who drew nearer, and said, earnestly:

"Kent, do you repent of your bargain? If so, remember, I release you from it freely, and still remain your debtor."

A singular expression passed over Kent's dark face, ennobling its ugliness by sudden benignity. With a paternal gesture he brushed the hair back from the handsome face looking into his own, and answered, cheerfully:

"No, my boy, I never have repented; I think I never shall, for as yet I do not find that I have paid too high a price for affection. Now, go, Apollo, and prepare to meet the Flowers."

"You are getting poetical; see what it is to live with a poet," said St. George, with the odd glance again.

"When you see May and Margaret Flower, you will understand my sudden flight of fancy," returned Kent.

"Pretty names. Are those the fair sisters?" asked St. George, pausing at the door.

"Yes."

"Have you seen them?"

"Yes."

"Spoken with them?"

"Yes."

"And they are handsome?"

"I thought them lovely."

"Are you a judge of beauty?"

"People told me so when I adopted you."

At this reply St. George colored, laughed, and vanished, for, though vain, like all handsome men, he was rather shy of any demonstrations of admiration from his own sex.

He was soon back again, looking fresh, debonair and graceful in that most ungraceful of costumes, a gentleman's evening dress. Not an ornament appeared, but the fineness of his linen, and the exquisite fit of everything, from the perfectly shod feet to the delicately gloved hands, made him, in the truest sense of the word, elegant.

"Not a dandy, thank Heaven!" ejaculated Kent, as he surveyed him critically. "Not even a flower in the button-hole, yet that is permissible in a young poet. Shall I get you one, Saint?"

"No, thank you; I shall have one for every button-hole before I get back. Women are always boring me with bits of laurel and myrtle, and expecting me to wear the rubbish. What pretty fools they are!"

"You are getting spoilt; it is time to teach you to respect the 'pretty fools,' as you ungratefully and ungallantly call your most devoted admirers, by giving you a charming tyrant, who will rule you with a rod of iron. Come, Byron!"

And Kent led the way to the well-appointed brougham which waited at the door.

Half an hour later a sudden stir pervaded a group of young ladies gathered in one of the flowery nooks, at Mrs. Dudley Russell's brilliant reception.

"They have come!" passed from lip to lip, in

an eager whisper, and all the bright eyes turned in one direction.

"Who have come?" asked a girlish voice in the background.

"St. George and the Dragon."

"Beauty and the Beast."

"The poet and his shadow."

"Mr. St. George and his friend Kent."

Such were the various replies to the question.

"Oh, let me see! I've heard so much of him. I must get a sight of the great creature," cried the young voice, as a very petite girl thrust her lovely head between the gauzy skirts of her tall companions, and looked intently at a group near the door.

St. George had just been presented to the hostess, and while that gratified lady was pouring forth her compliments, he stood before her with his eyes down, a slight smile on his lips, and an air of well-bred resignation, which caused several of the young ladies to advance to the rescue, and one of those who remained behind to say, compassionately:

"How can Mrs. Russell torment him in that way? He hates being complimented and lionized."

"Then why does he go where he is sure to suffer both afflictions?" said the only young lady who had not left her seat or shown any enthusiasm at the approach of the genius, yet who had, nevertheless, scrutinized the new comers more keenly than any of the others.

"He can't help himself; it is the doom of genius," said the first speaker, sentimentally. "Now they are dragging him away to be victimized by that dreadfully blue Miss Roland, whom he hates. I shall go after them, for though I'm afraid to speak to him, I like to gaze from a distance," and the worshiper departed, leaving the sisters alone.

"Isn't he beautiful?" said May, behind her fan, as St. George disappeared, Kent having vanished as soon as the introductions were over.

"He is too handsome for a man. If he would put on antique drapery and mount a pedestal, I'd admire the boy, but now I like his friend best."

"Oh, Greta, how can you fancy that ugly man? I could not look at him, he is so rough and big and dark. What is there to admire in the Dragon, as they call him?"

"He is ugly, but there is nothing repulsive in his ugliness. He has a finer head than the poet. There is a strong, self-reliant look about him that I like, and in his sarcastic voice and undertone of sadness that touches me. I hope he will come and speak to us to-night."

"You always fancy oddities, Greta. I don't, and I long to see St. George again. I shall be afraid to say anything, though he looks so like a boy, but I want to see him nearer. Isn't it wonderful that such a young man should know so much?"

"Yes, but poets learn without books, and comprehend without actual experience. This boy is but twenty, they say, and yet he has the wisdom of a man of fifty. It is one of the miracles which cannot be explained."

A long pause followed, for Margaret fell to musing and May to watching for the reappearance of the young lion. Sooner than she expected he came, with his hostess on his arm, and as they paused before the sisters, Kent joined them. With true breeding Mrs. Russell would have presented the elder gentleman first, but Kent drew back, signifying, by a gesture, that St. George should take precedence of himself. Margaret's quick eye saw this; she liked it, and showed that she did, by the gracious reception she gave to Kent, while her greeting to the poet was simply polite. St. George, in obedience to the orders received, devoted himself to the younger sister. A single glance showed him that she was a lovely, shy, yet artless little creature; and anxious to put her at her ease, he assumed his gentlest air, picked up the bouquet she had dropped in her flutter, and taking the chair that stood before her, he said, as simply and naturally as a boy:

"I like Hawthorn. What a pretty fancy it was of yours to wear your rosy nameake."

May blushed and smiled, and quite forgot her fear of the genius when she saw him leaning over the chair-back and looking alternately at her and her flowers with quite the air of a mortal man.

"Greta chooses my bouquets, and never lets me wear hot-house flowers. She has charming taste, though she dresses so plainly herself."

May thought he would look at and admire the lovely sister thus alluded to, but he seemed absorbed in the Hawthorn, and never turned his head.

"Are you making poetry?" she said, with a half respectful, half inquisitive expression in her childish face, which made St. George smile as he answered in a confidential tone:

"I never do that now—I'm too lazy."

"But you will some time, it is so beautiful."

"Do you like my verses?"

"Some of them very much, but I'm such a stupid little thing I can't understand all of them," she said, with a contrite air that was charming.

"Neither do I. They are great nonsense, I dare say."

"Oh, don't speak of them so slightly! Greta says they are wonderful; she understands and admires them, and cries over them, and thinks they are perfect. She is such a talented creature nothing perplexes her, but I'm a dunce, and always shall be," and May shook her pretty head with a despairing sigh.

"I'll write you a song which won't perplex you, if I may have a bit of this before I give it back," said St. George, with his hand on a ruddy cluster of the May-bloom.

"Will you really write it for me alone? How proud I shall be of such an honor! Take what you will: I wish it was fresher. Shall I break it for you?"

In her delight, May clapped her hands and tore the bouquet apart to find a pretty bit for the poet's button-hole. St. George glanced over his shoulder at Kent, who stood talking to Margaret. May caught the significant look which passed be-

tween the men, saw the smile on her sister's face change to a warning frown, and threw down the flowers, saying, petulantly:

"Now I know I've done something wrong. I am always forgetting myself and shocking people. I never shall learn to behave like other young ladies."

"I sincerely hope you won't," whispered St. George, as he restored the nosegay, and appropriated a portion to himself.

"Why not," asked May, forgetting her pique in surprise.

"Because I like wild flowers best."

She looked at him an instant with her eyes wide open like a puzzled child, then, as his meaning grew clear to her, she smiled and said, artlessly:

"You mean you like natural, simple people better than prim, artificial ones? So do I, but it isn't the fashion to be oneself, and I am always getting out of order by forgetting the proprieties. Greta is never prim nor artificial, but she can be herself, and yet be charming also. I wish I could," and the bright little face clouded over with a sudden shadow.

"Do you like this sort of thing, Miss Flower?" asked St. George, with a glance about the room, hoping to divert her by a change in the conversation.

"At first I thought I didn't, but now I think I do," and the shadow lifted as suddenly as it fell. "I like dancing better than talking usually, but at these literary places they never dance, and every one is so wise I soon get quite sleepy."

St. George laughed outright, and May joined him, feeling entirely at her ease, for the "great creature" was so friendly and gay, she dared to talk and look as pretty as she liked.

"If you won't betray me, I'll confess that I, too, get so sleepy, particularly when Miss Roland talks to me, that I should disgrace myself by nodding if Kent didn't come and stir me up now and then."

"As Greta does me. But, Mr. St. George, you only say that to make me feel comfortable. You can enjoy all the wise and witty people here, and play your part with the best of them for you are a genius, and know everything they say."

"I wish I did! What do you call a genius?" and St. George, leaning his chin on the arm that lay along the chair-back, fixed his handsome eyes on the girlish face opposite with a curious expression.

"I can't tell you. I have a very vague idea that it is something beautiful and splendid; something that every one admires and wants; and that the few who possess it are very happy and very much beloved. Margaret can tell you better than I. Greta, what is a genius?" and glad to escape the question May, turned to her sister, who had paused a moment in her own conversation with Kent to hear what the other pair were saying. Now St. George looked at her, and saw how fair and womanly she was; how sweet and spirited the face; how clear and candid the eyes; how rich in soft tints, smooth curves and graceful lines the tall figure in its simple dress; how full of something nobler than beauty the whole expression was, and how significant of a large, deep nature every hint of voice, countenance and manner were. Looking at him with a searching, straightforward glance that seemed to read him through, she said, in a peculiar tone:

"A genius is one who, possessing a rich gift, regards it with reverence, uses it nobly and lets neither ambition, indolence nor neglect degrade or lessen the worth of the beautiful power given them for their own and other's good."

As she paused St. George's eyes fell like a bashful girl's; he colored, and sat silent for a moment; then as Kent moved away he rose, turned the chair and sat down near Margaret with such an altered air that May shrunk back with sudden timidity, for the boy had vanished, and the man appeared. In five minutes the conversation was far beyond her depth, and finding it impossible to understand, she consoled herself by watching the poet and enjoying his beauty as only a romantic girl could do. Now she felt that he could have written the famous book, for wise and witty words fell from his lips, and the face which had been dreamily quiet while talking with her woke and kindled wonderfully as he spoke with Margaret. Fire, energy and passion passed into the languid youth, and he looked the poet to life. Most women would have caught some reflection of this mood, have been flattered by arousing it, and have shown admiration, if no more, for the eloquence, grace and power of this richly-gifted young man. But Margaret remained unchanged, except to grow more earnest in defense of the sanctity of genius, condemning all who failed in being true to themselves and the power given them. Kent stood a little apart, apparently intent on a portfolio of rare engravings, but May fancied he listened attentively as herself, for she detected an occasional flash of the eye, curl of the lip or involuntary gesture of the head, which betrayed him though he uttered not a word.

A sudden movement toward the supper-room broke up the group. A gentleman took Margaret away; Kent strolled out alone, and St. George turned toward May, who leaned in the sofa corner, looking flushed and uneasy.

"Shall we go?" he said, offering his arm.

"No, thank you; I'm too tired to bear the heat and noise, and the sight of so many people making themselves ill," she answered, adding reproachfully, "I've been trying to follow you and Greta, and have got a headache for my pains."

"Then you shall stay in this quiet corner, and let me take care of you. What shall I bring you?" and St. George assumed a devoted air which appeased the girl at once.

"Anything you like that is cool and sweet. I leave it to you," she said, smiling again as he brought her a foot-stool, drew back the curtain to admit a breath of the mild May air, and then departed with the most flattering alacrity. She

felt both melancholy and excited; but before she could discover the cause of this unusual mood, St. George was back again, with a salver, bearing delicate ices, dainty concoits in frosted sugar, and a fine cluster of grapes on a mimic leaf. Drawing up a little table, he arranged the supper temptingly before her, surveyed it critically, and said with a regretful air:

"Neither honey nor dew could be found, so the Flower must accept the best substitutes I could get. Can I bring anything else?"

"Thanks—no—it is charming. I didn't mean for you to bring it yourself; it is too much honor," and May looked quite flattered, yet pleased.

"Nay, that is for me to say. Have I guessed your taste?"

"Exactly, except the grapes; I never eat them, though I like to see them when they are beautiful, like these."

"Those are mine. May I sit here and enjoy myself if I don't disturb you?" asked St. George, persuasively.

The girl gave a ready assent, and quite glowed with pride as the poet sat down beside her, and, pulling off his gloves, ate grapes and chatted while he paid her the little attentions which women like most. She had her small vanities, and could not help thinking within herself how her companions would envy her could they witness that charming *tête-à-tête*, for St. George was the idol of the fashionable world just then, especially the female part of it. Presently a gentleman appeared, looking anxiously about him, as if seeking for something. His eye fell on the pair sitting in the flowery recess, and he came forward with an eager yet respectful air.

"Mr. St. George, I've been looking everywhere for you. Mrs. Russell begs you will honor her supper-table with your presence."

"Quite impossible, Mr. Albany. I was left to take care of this young lady, who is delicate, and I cannot desert my post, of course. Please make my excuses," was the cool reply.

"Allow me to fill your place here. Madame will be in despair if you fail her," began Albany.

"Go and comfort her despair—there is a good fellow. You should not have found me—it was quite a mistake."

"Kent told me where you were," and a smile came to the speaker's lips, as if called up by some mirthful memory.

"What did he say? Out with it," commanded St. George, with the air of one used to having his own way.

"When I asked where you were," he answered, "I left the boy playing with a pretty little girl in the red drawing-room. I beg your pardon, Miss Flower, for Kent's rudeness."

May blushed, but St. George laughed his little laugh, and said, like a spoilt child:

"Go and tell him the boy won't come, for he likes playing with the pretty little girl better than talking with a crowd of grown-up people who make him sleepy."

Much amused, Albany went away, and nestling more comfortably into his corner, St. George said merrily:

"Now they'll be shocked, and say all manner of hard things about me. Abusing the absent will be capital amusement for them—I don't mind, do you?"

"No; but I beg you'll go if you like to. It is very dull here, I know," said May, meekly.

"But I don't like to; I'm going to stop where I am till you are tired of me."

"Then you'll stay a long time," said the girl, innocently.

"Thank you," and he gave her a little bow which made her blush for her frank speech, and hastily add:

"I wonder that you refuse to go and be merry when so many people want you. I should think it would be delightful to be sought after, admired and petted. Don't you like it?" she asked, looking up at him wistfully.

"No, I don't," was the quick answer, as St. George knit his brows, and glanced scornfully about the room so lately filled with admirers. "Miss Flower, it is all humbug; I've done nothing to be proud of, yet a sort of delusion has taken possession of people, and they go on in this absurd manner till, upon my life, I feel like a fool."

"Ah, that is because you are so modest, Greta says true genius is always humble."

"I'm not a true genius then, for I'm as proud as Lucifer."

"I should think you would be of the wonderful poems you've written; began, May," with a reverential look.

"They are just what I'm not proud of," was the abrupt reply.

"Why not?" she asked, with the pretty puzzled expression.

"Because I mean to do a great deal better soon."

"I wish I knew what you would write about."

"I'll tell you in confidence," and leaning toward her, he said softly, "It will be a love story."

"So was the other."

"Ah, but then I didn't know much about the passion; now I do, and intend to charm you with my little romance. Will you read it?"

May was bewildered by the capricious mood of the young man, but each change attracted and fascinated her in spite of herself. She knew little of the world, and in her child-like simplicity believed that all people were what they seemed. Other men had paid her compliments, looked their admiration, and been devoted, but none had charmed her like St. George, peculiar as he was. "He is a genius, and they are always unlike other persons," she thought; and when he looked deep into her innocent eyes with that softly searching glance, she smiled back at him, and answered readily:

"Oh, yes, I'll gladly read it. Write it soon, and let it be as sweet and simple as the songs were in the other book. I love to sing those, and think them so lovely, I am never tired of hearing them."

"I'll not keep you waiting long. Now we must be firm, for here come some of the grown-up people," and St. George's free, frank manner, changed to a cool, indolent air, as he surveyed a flock of young ladies who eyed the pair with various expressions of surprise, envy and curiosity.

"What a flirt that little thing is becoming," said one amiable creature to another, in an audible whisper, as they affected to admire the passion-flowers near by.

"It is really sad to see such art in one so young. Mrs. Russell will never forgive her for keeping him. Of course he couldn't leave her when she asked him to stay; so rude, so very improper," returned the other, with asperity.

"They are at it; isn't it amusing?" whispered St. George—for May looked distressed and angry.

"Not to me; let us talk of something else. Do you think them pretty—they are considered belles."

"I never admire belles. These girls are too large, and gay, and loud; they tire me; I like women to be womanly."

Very low was the whisper, but the listeners heard it, as their suddenly heightened color betrayed, and the indignant glances they cast upon the offender only showed them the look of approval which the poet gave the figure near him.

That was womanly in every sense, for out of a cloud of soft white drapery rose dimpled shoulders, fair arms, a blue-eyed, delicately-featured face, and a graceful little head of sunny brown hair, with no ornament but its own luxuriant curls and the rosy hawthorn-flowers. A soft, sweet, tender little creature, half child still; full of pretty caprices, charms and graces, yet wholly unconscious of the artless loveliness which touched and won whoever approached. Keenly alive to beauty in all its forms, and heartily tired of flattery, St. George found "the pretty little girl" very charming, and her naive expressions of admiration and respect more agreeable than the finest compliments ever showered upon him.

"I'm resigned to the baby," he whispered to Kent, as they followed the sisters to the cloak-room when they left.

What Kent would have answered remained unknown, for May's voice was heard saying within:

"Beauty and the Beast is a better name for them than the others; though it is very rude of me to call them so when Mr. Kent was so kind to me."

"Then don't do it, dear, and remember how, in the fairy tale, the rough disguise of the Beast concealed the heart of a prince," answered Margaret's clear voice.

Both men heard, but neither uttered a word.

II.—UNDER THE LINDEN.

"Greta, do put down your brush and talk to me. I'm so tired of being quiet."

"Poor little thing! Did she want some one to play with her?"

"Yes, I do; I wish—there May checked herself with a smile, for her sister's words suggested something which she did not care to tell.

Margaret looked up from the misty mountains she was painting with exquisite skill, and asked, with a smart mixture of sisterly and maternal fondness in her tone:

"What shall I do for you, dear? You are not well, I fear. You talk in your sleep, look pale, and seem to find pleasure in none of your usual amusements."

"What did I say in my sleep?" questioned May, hiding her face behind her curls.

"Something about liking wild flowers best and hoping somebody would not forget the poem. I spoke to you, and you kissed me and went to sleep again. Of what were you dreaming, child?"

"I don't quite remember. I think I'll take a book and sit in the garden, Greta. Call me if any one comes," and full of remorse for her fib, May ran away to sit under the blossoming linden, with St. George's poems open on her knee.

It was a charming spot, for the house was one of the delightful little villas which lie just out of London; embosomed in trees, ivy-covered to the chimney-tops, and the garden a wilderness of flowers. Even the hedges that shut it from the highway were full of white and rosy hawthorn blossoms, and the delicate contrast of purple wistomas and golden laburnums. But the fairest object of all was the little figure under the linden. A childish white frock with a violet sash, and clustering curls loose about the shoulders, added to its youthful appearance; yet the charming face wore its most serious aspect, as May leaned her head upon her hand, in a pretty, studious attitude, knitting her brows with deep thought over the poems which she could not understand. So intent was she that a bell rang unheard, voices sounded in the drawing-room, the long windows of which opened on the lawn, and figures passed and repassed without disturbing her.

"I never shall like it, and I won't try. 'Prometheus' is stupid with his 'strophes' and 'anti-strophes,' his vultures and his sea-nymphs. I'll go play," cried the girl, suddenly shutting the book, with a petulant tone and gesture.

"So I would. Cut 'Prometheus' and come and play with me."

The laughing voice startled her to her feet, and the book dropped from her hand as she looked round, with blushing cheek and eager eyes, to meet St. George, who stood there, bare-headed, with a great bouquet of American May-flowers in one hand and a little basket in the other.

"Oh, I am so glad!" escaped from May's lips before she could bethink herself; then, with a comically demure air she offered her hand, saying primly:

"Good morning, sir. I beg pardon for not seeing you sooner."

"I am glad you didn't. I like surprises and pranks of all sorts. Now I must deliver my message before I forget. There are your country-cousins, sent by 'the boy,' who hopes you will give them a welcome;" and, with his most boyish air,

he presented the flowers. "This little beast Kent begs you to accept in place of the lost Fanfan, with his compliments;" and, bowing gravely, he produced from the basket a tiny white dog, with a rose-colored ribbon round its neck.

May uttered an exclamation of delight and took the new pet into her arms with an enthusiastic welcome, but still held fast the bouquet, which she had received with a sly "Thank you" and a sudden dropping of the eyes very pretty to see. Resuming her seat, she continued to caress the dog, while St. George lounged upon the short turf at her feet, looking up at her with a half-merry, half-admiring glance, which soon set her at her ease.

"Greta should have called me—I told her to," she said, eager to break the silence which fell between them after the first greetings were over.

"Did you expect us?"

"Oh, no, but I wonder I did not see or hear you come."

"You were too busy with that 'stupid 'Prometheus';" and St. George gave her a sly look as he tossed the book away.

"I beg you'll forget that. It is I who am stupid. Let us speak of something else, please," stammered poor May, with scarlet cheeks.

"With all my heart. I've got a question ready, for I am consumed with curiosity about the dog and all the rest of—perhaps I ought not to ask, but I always do as I like; and, as I can get nothing out of Kent, I must apply to you. I want to know where, when and how you met my dear old Dragon, as they call him?"

Much relieved, May answered readily:

"I'll tell you with pleasure, though it will betray what a naughty, disobedient thing I am. You must know that I lost my dog last week; he got out when the garden gate was open, and wandered away over the downs, unless some one stole him in the lane. I was in despair when I came in, and begged to be allowed to go and look for him. But it was late, going to rain, and Greta said, very sensibly, that one of the servants would do it better than I. They went, but didn't find poor Fanfan; and I cried and was very angry, and said I'd go myself, because I knew the man didn't half look. Greta and Mrs. Chandos forbade my going out, but I went, and ran away over the downs, calling my pet, till I came to some gipsies. It was nearly dark, the rain came on, and I was so tired; but the gipsy woman offered to show me where Fanfan was if I would give her a shilling. I was rather frightened at them, but I gave her one, and she led me a long way on. What would have come of it I don't know, if I had not met Mr. Kent riding over the common. He saw that something was wrong, for when he came up and looked at us, the woman ran away, and I was frightened to find how far from home I was, and that I didn't know the way back."

"Poor little thing! It was well for you that you did meet Kent," said St. George, sitting up with an interested face.

May half hid her own under pretense of smelling the arbutus and hurried on:

"Indeed, it was, for I was so tired I could hardly walk, and the rain began to pour. He was very kind; I felt at once that I could trust him, and having told my name and story, I just let him do as he liked."

"What did he do?" asked St. George, curiously.

"Put me on his horse, wrapped me in his overcoat, and took me home, talking so pleasantly that I was soon quite gay, and really enjoyed my adventure."

"I wish I'd gone with him that day. I was lazy, so I lost it all," said St. George, regretfully.

"Did he tell you nothing of it?" asked May, surprised.

"Not a word. It's like him; he never lets his left hand know the good his right hand does. So this was the way he came to know you? I wondered, but could discover nothing till I saw you at Mrs. Russell's."

"He knew we were to be there, then? Greta asked him to come and see us, or rather Mr. Chandos, our guardian, did, and he promised, but never came till to-day. People say he is very peculiar—is that so?"

"Yes, but—here Margaret came stepping lightly over the new mown-lawn, and St. George rose to meet her.

"Mr. Kent is busy in the library with Mr. Chandos, so I came to join you. Pray don't let me interrupt you," she said, with the gentle decision which seemed to be as habitual as the sweet graciousness of her manner.

"He was telling me about Mr. Kent. Greta will like to hear; please go on," said May.

And with a more serious air than before St. George obeyed:

"I was merely going to say that, though Kent is peculiar, there is nothing selfish, morose, or disagreeable in his oddities. A more generous, noble, true-hearted man I never knew. His life is full of beautiful charities, which he conceals as jealously as most men hide their sins. Let me tell you one of them. If any apology is needed for doing so, please find it in the fact that you have permitted us to know you, and my desire that you should know us for what we are."

He paused an instant, and Margaret said, with a glance at the book half hidden in the fragrant hay:

"We fancied that we did know you."

He gave her a singular look, and answered, slowly:

"No one knows me but Kent. I'll tell you a story."

And with a rapid change of manner he sat up, fixed his eyes upon the sisters, and giving to his little narrative the magical accompaniments of a fine voice, handsome face, and graceful gesture, he went on.

PUMPING AIR INTO SINKING VESSELS.

A WRITER in the London *Mechanics' Magazine* has the following singular plan for rendering vessels unsinkable: "When any part of a vessel gives way and admits the water, the usual remedy is to pump it out as quickly as possible, either by manual power, or, in the case of steamers, by steam power, and great importance is often attached to the power of steam pumps, which, however, are often found useless in the hour of danger. Supposing a serious leak to have occurred, then follows the fight of the crew and passengers for life against the enemy. At one time the crew may gain a little, and at another the water gains a slight advantage; and, unhappily, this miserable and exhausting battle is not by any means an uncommon occurrence. It seems to me that the whole system of endeavoring to keep down the water by any kind of pump is radically wrong in principle, for by pumping out the water space is left for more to come in. The true remedy is to pump air into the vessel, whereby each gallon forced in becomes a clear gain to the stability of the vessel, and leaves so much less space for the water to occupy. A very little exertion in this way would soon render a vessel of one thousand tons perfectly safe from foundering, without reference to the size of the leak, which might increase sufficiently to let the engine's and boilers fall through the bottom of the vessel, without in the slightest degree adding to the danger of the vessel's sinking."

I therefore propose that all passenger vessels should be compelled to carry such a number of air-tight flexible bags as, when inflated in the different parts of the ship under the decks, would, by their bulk, prevent the vessel from sinking, even if the water had free access. The expense would not be a very large item, and nothing in comparison with the value of the sense of security to the passengers, and, therefore, of higher passage-money. An iron vessel without compartments, laden with stone or iron, if protected in this manner, would be just as safe from sinking by having a hole knocked into her bottom as a timber-aden ship. The bags, of (say) from twenty to fifty or more gallons, could be kept permanently filled with air in all vacant spaces of the ship not required to be visited during the voyage, and, upon the appearance of danger, could be inflated in p-o-per positions in the cabins or elsewhere, until the bulk occupied was more than sufficient to support the ship. A bump on the rocks leaving a large hole in the ship's bottom, provided the vessel did not break up her decks, would not then be of any great moment. In the case of steamers the bags could be filled by air forced by the steam in a few minutes."

In some experiments lately tried on the Thames in propelling a large boat with air without machinery, I forced into the water, by aid of the steam from a one-horse power boiler, about one thou and gallons of air a minute, and obtained a speed of three mil a hour through the water. If the London had been properly fitted upon the above plan, the steam from the boiler of her donkey-engine would have rendered her perfectly safe from foundering in a few minutes."

A GOOD THING FROM PUNCH.

THE Emperor of the French is thus severely canteized by *Punch*. It is decidedly the latest and best thing we have seen recently from that source:

A CARD.—Louis Napoleon begs to inform the emperors and kings of Europe, and the public generally, that his business of commission agency is carried on as heretofore at the Palace of the Tuileries, where he may be consulted daily, or, if pressing need be, nightly, and where all confidential letters must be sent. Having a few of the ideas which belonged to his late uncle, L. N. may be safely consulted on state subjects, and, as he himself quite competent to give the best advice. In all matters of dispute his judgment is proverbial, and being thoroughly a master of diplomatic language, he is able, for his clients, to prove that white is black.

Besides his advice to kings and emperors in need of it, Louis Napoleon is prepared to act for them as umpire at the very shortest notice, and may be relied upon for giving a decision on quite unbiased by any party interested, except, of course, himself. In arbitration cases, and quarrels between friends, L. N. may be called in without pecuniary fee, provided there be some little advantage to be gained by him. His knowledge of geography is thoroughly profound, and enables him to render an invaluable service to any one desirous of correcting an old map. Having had great experience in the art of land surveying, he is ready to advise as to the altering of boundaries and removal of all landmarks which may be thought a little obsolete and somewhat out of date. L. N. may, in like manner, be privately consulted as to the best means of upsetting an old treaty; and his advice may be had gratis as to changing or removing any ancient bounds of territory, so as to increase his own.

Countries bought and sold, or valued and allotted, as the empire may direct. New maps exchanged for old ones. State treaties neatly broken, and the pieces picked up with the greatest care. A few more emperors like Maximilian always kept on hand, and ready to be exposed at half a moment's notice to any nation wanting them. Cracked crowns exchanged, or strengthened and repaired. State secrets kept most carefully. Clever negotiators, such as Prince Napoleon, prepared to start upon important diplomatic missions, and furnished from headquarters with the brains they may require. A private telegraph upon the premises to all the capitals in Europe, and an efficient staff of clerks, who sit up day and night.

Address, Louis Napoleon, European umpire and commission agent, Paris.

N. B.—No connection with the opposition firm of Needle-guns and Bismarck.

CITY OF LONDON INHABITANTS DECREASING!

Once a Week says that the inhabitants of the city of London proper are year by year decreasing. In 1811, for instance, there were 129,123 inhabitants residing within its boundaries, but this number had declined in 1851 to 113,397, and probably in 1871 the population of the most renowned commercial city in the world will not exceed 100,000, or less than the number of people living in Kensington. The army of people, principally male, that moves on the city every morning is perhaps unparalleled in number by any human tide that has ever moved diurnally in any age of the world. The difficulty of dealing with such a vast influx, pedestrian and vehicular, is increased in consequence of the narrowness of the streets within its area. These, it is true, constitute about twenty-five per cent. of its entire area, nine hundred and thirteen public ways traversing it in every direction; but of these one hundred and ninety-four have sufficient width for one line of vehicles only, and one hundred and seventy-four in addition are without thoroughfares. Thus it will be seen that upward of two-thirds of the city streets are incapable of carrying any considerable stream of vehicular traffic at all. There are only eighty-six which admit of two lines of vehicles and sixty-eight which admit of three or more. But practically the main stream of people coming into the city in the morning and their way along two lines, Fleet street and Newgate street, the two thoroughfares mingling at Cheapside and coming to a dead lock throughout the greater part of the day at the Poultry. The obstruction which here takes place should and would have been removed long ago but for the almost priceless value of land in this locality.

We hear from Paris of a new musical instrument of striking power and sweetness and, at the same time, extremely simple construction. It resembles a piano with upright strings, except that the latter are replaced by tuning-forks, which, to strengthen the sound, are arranged between two small tubes, one above and the other below them. The tuning-forks are sounded by hammers, and are brought to silence at the proper time by means of dampers. The sounds thus produced, which somewhat resemble those of the harmonium, are extremely pure and penetrating. They are very persistent, yet instantly arrested by the use of the dampers.

PLOWING IN SOUTH CAROLINA

"ONE of those 'odd days,' no doubt, the Southern States will become as thoroughly modernized as the Northern, but that point has not as yet been reached by any means. Plowing in South Carolina is primitive yet, as our picture illustrates; the plow itself rude, the steer in the yoke clumsy and ungainly, and the whole contrivance very nearly the same that may be seen in arid Egypt or sultry Hindostan—cow or buffalo yoked in the same manner, and only a slight shade of difference in the complexion of the drivers. All these things will be changed, however, in the coming days of the 'free South,' and who knows but they may some day even reach steam plows?"

THE WOULD-BE MURDERER.

ONE of the most remarkable cases, even in that remarkable walk of incident, the jurisprudence of England, is to be found in the fate of Jonathan Bradford, an inn-keeper of the city of Oxford, who was certainly entitled to the appellation bestowed upon him, that of the "would-be murderer"—one filled with the intention of one of the most heinous of crimes, only prevented in his execution of it by circumstances beyond his own control, and suffering for *what he would have done* instead of for what he had really done. The details of the case, occurring near a century ago, reach us in a very abridged form, and there is no possibility, at this day, of collecting any information on which reliance can be placed, beyond that afforded through the ordinary channels.

Bradford, as we have already said, kept an inn at Oxford. A gentleman named Hayes, attended by a man-servant, put up one evening at Bradford's house; and in the night, the former being found murdered in his bed, the landlord was apprehended on suspicion of having committed the barbarous and inhospitable crime. The evidence given against him was to the following effect: Two gentlemen who had supped with Mr. Hayes, and who had retired at the same time to their respective chambers, being alarmed in the night by a noise in his room, and soon hearing groans as of a wounded man, got up in order to discover the cause, and found their landlord, with a dark lantern and a knife in his hand, standing in a state of apparent astonishment and horror over his dying guest, who almost instantly expired, without being able to explain any of the circumstances of his murder. On this evidence, apparently conclusive, the jury convicted Bradford, and he was executed. But after developments showed not only the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, but the possibility of that punishment already indicated—for *intention* as well as for crime accomplished. The facts attending the dreadful tragedy were not fully brought to light until the death-bed confession of the real mur-

derer; a time when confession, however long delayed, is likely to find itself compelled, in the prospect of punishment hereafter.

Mr. Hayes, a man of considerable property, and greatly respected, had about him, when his sad destiny led him under the roof of Bradford, a considerable sum of money; and the landlord, knowing this, determined to murder and rob him. For this horrid purpose he proceeded with a dark lantern and a carving-knife, intending to cut the throat of his guest while yet sleeping; but what must have been his astonishment and confusion to find his intended victim already murdered and weltering in his blood! The wicked and unworthy servant had also determined on the murder of his master, and had committed the bloody deed and secured his treasure a moment before the landlord entered for the same purpose. Our illustration conveys a graphic picture of this awful moment of discovery—a moment which, both in singularity and horror, is happily not often paralleled in either romance or reality.

THE DEVOTED MOTHER.

THAT affection for offspring is not confined to the human family, or even most strongly shown by it, is among the truths long since thoroughly demonstrated. If we can do everything else better than the animals, we cannot better prove that we love those to whom we have given being. The lioness never fights so desperately as when defending her cub; the whale is never so dangerous as when attempting to shelter her "calf;" and the truth runs down all the way through the line of animal descent to the cow, whose offspring is being carted away to market, and pussy, who fancies that there is a hostile hand after her kittens.



PLOWING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

Madame Reynard (the fox) in our picture, close-pressed by hunters and dogs, does not trust to the legs of her little one, but picks it up in her mouth (as we have sometimes seen a cat do), runs away from the pursuers, hides the wee fellow in a hole, and then, and only then, looks after her own safety. Such is the "Devoted Mother," walking upon four legs as well as upon two!

particularly under the dynasty of Tang. A collection has been formed amounting to 199 plays, supposed to comprehend the flower of this class of productions. Of these only five have been translated, two tragedies, namely, "The Orphan of Tchao," by Father Bremare, the "Death of Han," by Mr. Davies; and three comedies—"The Heir in his Old Age," by the latter gentleman, "The Circle of



THE DEVOTED MOTHER.

CHINESE FISHING-BOAT IN SHOAL WATER.

THE people of China have always been considered remarkably clever in their peculiar and ingenious contrivances, and seldom fail to accomplish an object from any want of invention, especially where there is money to be had by success.

The little illustration in our present number shows how the Chinese fishing-boat is rigged for shoal water. The peculiarity consists of a basket-net suspended at the end of a bamboo pole, the latter projecting from the boat somewhat like a bowsprit, fixed on a pivot on which it is movable, and also attached by means of ropes to a balance-board. The fishermen, as they wish to raise their basket-nets out of or sink them into the water, have only to walk up or down the balance-board, unless they are remarkably successful and make a good haul; then one of the men will swing his weight on the extreme end of the poles in order to sway the net to the surface of the water. Only the most ingenious and at the same time the most indolent of people would ever have devised such a contrivance, which no Yankee fisherman could be brought to use under any compulsion; and whether the old proverb, that "lazy people take the most pains," is not carried out by it, remains a question.

CHINESE THEATRES.

THE drama, as might be expected, constitutes a popular form of Chinese literature, though it labors under great imperfections, and is not exclu-

Chalk," by M. Stanislas-Julien, and "The Intrigues of a Waiting-Maid," by M. Bazin. This, no doubt, is but a small portion of so great a mass; yet, as it consists of favorite productions, chosen by judicious translators, the Chinese drama will not, probably, have cause to complain of being judged according to such specimens. On perusing even the best of these compositions, we at once discover that the dialogue is nearly as rude and as inartificial as the scenery. Instead of allowing characters and events to be developed in the progress of the piece, each performer, on his first entrance, addresses the audience and informs them who and what he is, what remarkable deed he has performed, and what are his present views and intentions. On these occasions he speaks completely in the style of a third person, avowing without real or attempted palliation, the most enormous crimes, either committed or contemplated. Action only is employed, which affords a genuine, indeed, though not very dramatic indication of the depths of his feelings. The hero, in the most tragic scenes, generally strangles himself or stabs his enemy with the same coolness as if he had been sitting down to table.

The illustration which we give, accompanying, is of one of the middle sort of movable theatres, at Canton, the evolutions of the performers having the advantage of being seen from both land and water, and the gaping countenances of the Chinamen at once furnishing an index of the average intellectuality of the entertainment and those who patronize it.



THE WOULD-BE MURDERER.

AN INCARNATED HUMAN FAILURE.

It was in October, 18—, that I first saw Stephen Temple. We had both just entered our names on the register of the Medical School at —, and in the new pride of studentship we were now hearing our first lecture. The "introductory" of that winter session was delivered by Professor S—, and, as is usual on these occasions, many of the pupils attending for the first time were accompanied by their friends. Temple sat in a rank a little below me, and at his side was his father, the rector of —, in Somersetshire. The greater part of his life had been passed under the immediate care of the worthy clergyman, and this was almost his first appearance in the metropolis. My attention was attracted to them by an involuntary expression of approval which escaped the lips of the old man as Professor S— descanted on the opportunities for usefulness which rendered the life of a medical practitioner so desirable, and with his wonted eloquence besought all who heard him to embrace and employ them diligently.

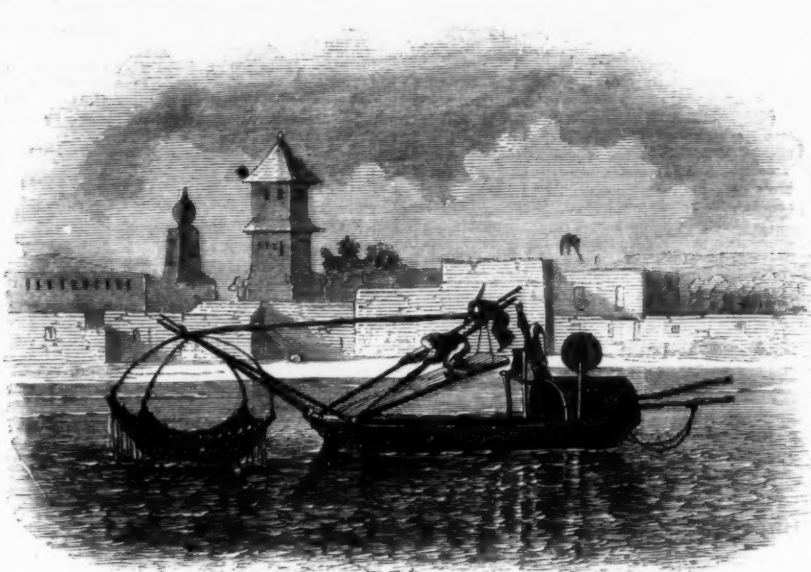
Stephen Temple was tall, and his countenance gave evidence of singular intelligence. He was not robust, and a settled pallor on his cheeks, contrasted with his long dark hair and deep dreamy eyes, gave him the appearance of a man out of health and wanting in energy. But when any subject powerfully interested him, or circumstances called for prompt exertion, fresh life seemed to glow in his frame, and he spoke and acted right manfully.

Strongly imbued with the so-called principles of a religious education, though living rather in the power of sentiment than purpose, Temple soon became the butt of his companions. Had he been less abstract and more practical in his mode of thought, their attacks might, perhaps, have frightened him out of his theories. As it was, however, he took refuge in the idea of his own excellence, suffered a mental martyrdom which sustained the sense of his own superiority, and like most men of his class, contrived to preserve the character of consistency.

In his studies Stephen Temple showed more than ordinary ability. Difficulties which scared other minds, before he vanished pleasantly. The descriptive details of anatomy, wearisome and perplexing enough to people generally, never troubled him, and he seemed to exult in the feats of comprehension and memory demanded by mysteries which most men tried in vain to understand, and ended in trusting might never be required of them. He was a favorite with the professors, who thought highly of his diligence, and no a few of us envied our fellow-pupil the gifts and popularity of which we were incapable. But at the end of the session, when the school examination was held, Stephen Temple, to the surprise of all who knew him, failed signally. Answering only a few of the written questions, he slunk out of the room, and abandoned the competition in which few doubted his succeeding easily. Examiners and pupils were alike unable to account for his conduct; but, as he had won the good opinion of all of us, on his re-appearance after the recess, no allusion was made to the circumstance, and he avoided it. The second and third years of his pupilage were passed much as the first. He was regular in his habits, punctual in his attendance at lecture, and repeatedly astonished us by the display of knowledge, as complete as it was extensive.

At length the time drew near when the men of our standing were expected to present themselves for examination as candidates for the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons. Lincoln's Inn Fields came to have a more real interest for us than the rest of the great city, and many and fearful were the glances we cast at the College as we passed its, to us, sacred precincts.

The working-men soon began to form themselves into little knots for reading purposes, and men who had not worked repaired to the professional "grinders." Stephen Temple was the head of the little coterie to which I belonged, and we looked up to him and made him grind us incessantly. All went well until, about three weeks before the examination, we sent in our names, and were daily expecting the cards which would admit us to the much-longed-for and yet dreaded entertainment. But at this point, without the slightest reason that we could discover, Temple suddenly failed us. He was nowhere to be found, or when present in body, he was hopelessly absent in mind. He scarcely ever opened a book, and the elaborate diagrams and clever tables by which he was wont to enlighten us were cast aside or lay uselessly before him. And yet, strangely enough, he had no fear of the ordeal we so much dreaded. The eventful day came at last, and at seven o'clock in the evening we presented our cards of admission to the clerk, paid our fees, and were ready for the consequences. Stephen Temple was the lightest-hearted amongst us, and but that he was somewhat excited with pleasure, seemed as cool and collected as when in the snuggery of one of our party he discoursed to us of the spinal cord and its mysteries, or maddened us with envy as he calmly rehearsed the muscles of the back without a mistake or any-



A CHINESE METHOD OF FISHING.—SEE PAGE 76

thing approaching one. Temple, two other students, and myself formed the first party, and we were solemnly preceded up the stairs from the great hall by the sombre functionary upon whom it devolves to perform that important duty. On the landing outside the library doors we had the doubtful privilege of standing and trembling for a few moments. Some of the examiners were late, and ours was the pleasure of taking a good look at these worthies, as, rather heated with haste, they paced up the staircase and in at the door against which we were posted so disconsolately. There are moments in a man's life when he notices everything, and the manner in which some of us scanned the countenances of these examiners was very creditable to our powers of observation; and the opinions we formed of their moods and tempers were more or less satisfactory.

But our waiting came to an end, the grim clerk silently ushered us in under the clock, and up to the four tables, one to each, we took the proffered chairs, and seated ourselves opposite the men who might that night make or ruin us. My own share of the business was quite enough for my attention, and I thought no more of Temple or any one else, and saw nothing save my examiner with his too-inquiring face. At length the secretary's bell told the fourth quarter of a long hour. I had sat at four tables, and passed out under the clock again, very anxious, and yet hopefully. In what is technically called the "Sweating Room" we found the tea and toast, with which, at the expense of the College, those who chose might regale themselves. Temple was with us; but a strange change had come over him. He now scarcely spoke. We could learn nothing of his doings before the examiners. Whilst others were frightening themselves and those around them with discoveries of the mistakes they had made, or exulting in their anticipated triumph, Stephen Temple sat moodily gazing at vacancy. An hour dragged itself very tardily over us, and another party of four, fresh from the ordeal, came to join us. The whisper soon ran round the room that the court of examiners was deliberating upon the fate of the eight that had already appeared before it. Another half-hour was passed in still greater suspense. The door opened slowly, and the clerk in a low voice called Mr. Temple. We all knew the significance of this dreaded sum-

mons. Stephen Temple was plucked. He rose silently; a momentary flush passed over his pallid face; he swept his hand hurriedly across his brow, and then with the old stolid look obeyed the summons. As soon as I could get a word with the clerk, I learned that my poor friend was indeed rejected, and that he could not again present himself for six months.

The ceremonies of the evening over, those of us who were more fortunate left the College. A crowd of expectant friends awaited our exit at the gates, and many adjourned to spend the night in boisterous hilarity. With all the haste possible I went to Temple's lodgings, but too late to see him. An hour before my arrival he had left, without saying when he should return or where he was going. I could learn nothing of his whereabouts for more than a month after this unfortunate evening. When I did hear, it was in answer to a letter of inquiry I addressed to his father. Temple had, it appeared, kept the fact of his going in for examination a secret from his parent. And a fortnight after that event it was that he presented himself at home with the news of his failure. How or where he had spent the interval he could not or would not explain. And fearing that his mind was overwrought, his friends hurried him away for a tour of the Continent, with the hope that change of scene and cessation of labor might effect some benefit. The old clergyman was greatly distressed at the untoward result of his son's pupilage, and could only understand it on the supposition that he had overworked himself. From this time I lost sight of Stephen Temple for nearly two years, and the succeeding events of this narrative happened after that interval.

Having obtained my surgeon's diploma, I went at once to a Scotch university to reside for the degree of doctor in medicine; but, before completing my terms, I was hastily summoned to take the duty of a very intimate friend, at that time resident surgeon in the hospital where I had been a pupil.

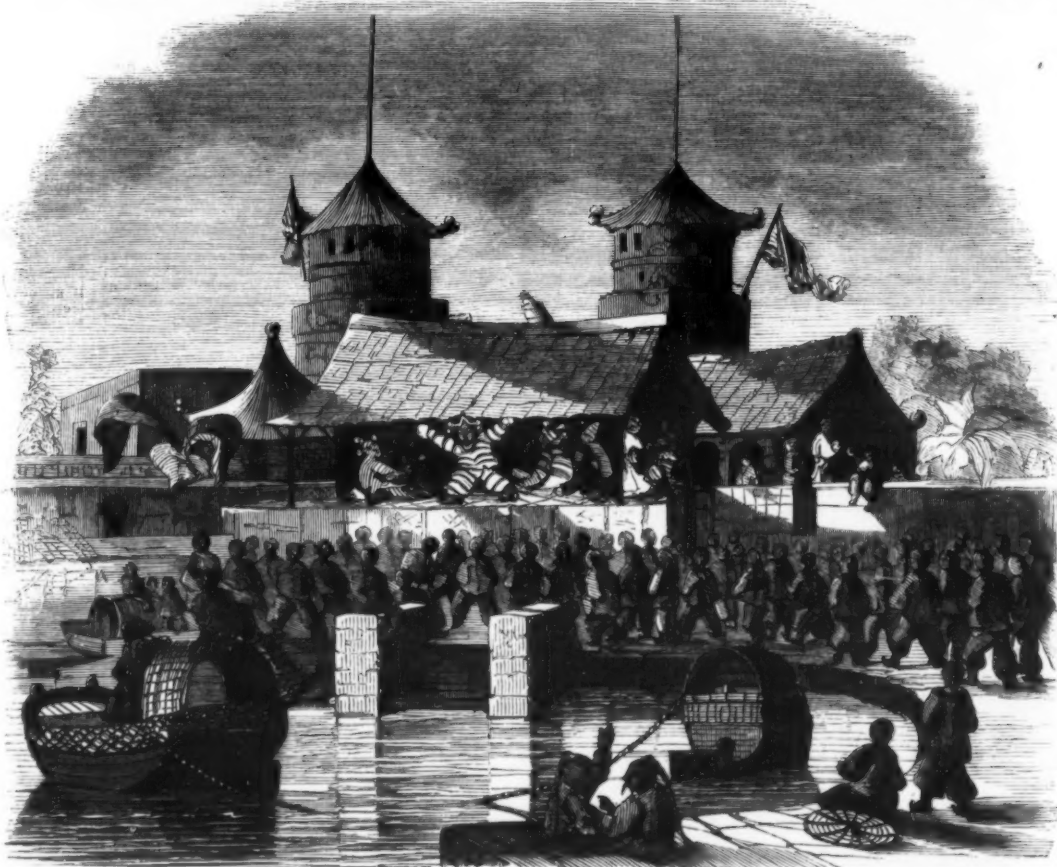
The day after my arrival, while performing my functions, I was surprised by seeing Temple among the students. He tried at first to avoid me, but I followed him, and inviting him to my rooms, we were soon busy with the past. He had, some two months since, he told me, returned from Germany, where he had been residing at one of

the universities for twelve months, but without, as far as I could gather, occupying himself with any definite pursuit, and certainly without graduating. His time had been passed in the midst of the students, and a very little intercourse sufficed to show me that Stephen Temple was an altered man. The old dreamy life and its fitful energy had merged into a state of indolent existence, varied only by seasons of passionate excitement, and swayed by a dogged fatalism and the strongest rationalistic ideas of which a mind like him was capable. The religious sentiment of his early days had passed away, and nothing remained to give motive to a character always irresolute and devoid of settled principle.

The duties of my office were new to me, and I had little time for social intercourse. I seldom saw Temple, except in the routine of the hospital practice, which he was attending for certificates to enable him again to present himself at the College.

It was part of my work to examine the more serious casualties which came into the hospital, and I had just retired to rest late one evening, about three weeks after my arrival, when the porter called me to a case which had been brought in by some policemen. Dressing hastily, I went to the casualty-ward, and there, stretched on the bed, and to all appearance lifeless, lay a girl about twenty years of age. She was evidently a foreigner, and in the greatest poverty. Her complexion was very fair, and her countenance more than commonly beautiful. The dress she wore was of the meanest description. Her bonnet had fallen off, and black silken hair hung disheveled on her neck and shoulders. Her scanty clothing showed the outlines of a form of unusual comeliness. Her hands were small, and her feet, which were bare, fashioned delicately. All this I saw at a glance. The officer who had charge of the case stated that the young woman had been seen to stop suddenly in the street, and then fall to the ground, and when he reached the spot she was insensible. An infant which she had borne at her breast was found under her. Assistance being procured, without loss of time she was brought to the hospital. The child, a little thing some few weeks old only, was dead, but not in consequence of the fall. It had probably died in her arms, and the girl swooned when she discovered that it had done so. The usual restorative means were employed, and after a struggle, which more than once threatened to end fatally, the mother—for such she was—awoke, but to what a consciousness! Her first thought was for her child; and it was painful to see her still cold and stiffened fingers feeling for the little one that was for ever lost to her. The thought that it was dead had nearly destroyed her, and with returning life again began its deadly work with an intolerable bitterness. The agony of her grief was fearful to witness. Reason soon forsook her, and with difficulty was she prevented from rushing frantically out of the ward to seek her lost child. Her heart-piercing screams rent the air, and rang through the corridors in the dead of the night with appalling intensity. The nurses, though long accustomed to scenes of suffering, were unmoved, and fearing to leave my patient, I passed the greater part of the night at her bedside. There was no abatement of the delirium, and never will the memory of the hours I spent in fruitless attempts to soothe her pass from me. The few incoherent sentences she uttered in the midst of her ravings were in German, a language with which I was but slightly acquainted. What little I could gather, however, concerned her child and a person whose name I could not distinguish. The morning brought no relief of her anguish. Sedatives of the most potent class were useless. And it was not until nearly the middle of the day, when her strength was beginning to fail in the fury of her excitement, that she became quieter.

But there was no return of consciousness. I had her removed to a small ward, where she might be alone with her attendants. When the physician, to whose care the case fell, visited the hospital, I went with him to see her. The pupils who followed the doctor on his rounds were requested to remain outside the ward, so that we might avoid every danger of renewing the paroxysms. The door was left open. Dr. — had his finger on the girl's pulse, as she lay apparently quite unconscious, when, above the low hum of conversation in the corridor, the voice of one of the students rose distinctly. In an instant, before we had time to prevent it, the girl sprang up in the bed, uttering a wild, piercing scream. We caught her in our arms, and gently laid her back again. The cry brought the pupils alarmed to the doorway, and some of them pressed into the room. We motioned them to retire, and they all did so but Stephen Temple, who, with pale affrighted face, stood gazing, as one panic-struck, at the poor girl, who now lay exhausted and speechless. I went to him, knowing his strange temperament, to urge him from the room. As I laid my hand upon his shoulder, his lips moved as though he would speak, but no sound escaped him. For a moment he resisted, and made a feeble effort to reach the bed, but, as though remembering himself, desisted, and with an



A CHINESE THEATRE IN CANTON.—SEE PAGE 76.

anxious, inquiring glance at my countenance, and one long, bewildered look at the girl, he turned and hurriedly left the ward, passing through the crowd of students without speaking to them, and, as I afterward learnt, immediately left the hospital. I returned to the bedside, where Dr. Temple stood watching the patient, and in a few words explained the extraordinary behavior of Temple as the result of eccentricity. The poor girl had expended the last powers of her failing life in the effort she had put forth so suddenly, and in spite of our attempts to avert the consequences, from this moment she sank rapidly. I remained in almost constant attendance upon her until the evening, and then she died without one gleam of intelligence or a word to dispel the mystery that hung around her.

Inquiries made by the police throw little light on the case. It contained no criminal element, and therefore, perhaps, to the detective mind proved uninteresting. Hundreds of people laid down in the streets, many die suddenly, and a large proportion of deaths are preceded by extreme want and misery.

So the coroner's jury the next day returned a suitable verdict, and the body of the poor young creature lay unclaimed in the dead-house.

What appeared to be a small coin or charm, it was doubtful which, was the only article of any value found on the deceased, and this passing into my custody, I placed carefully in a drawer of my table. The same evening, as I sat in my room, thinking over the events of the last few hours, it occurred to me that I should again look at the trinket. I did so, and soon found it to be a locket disguised in the form of a coin. As I was endeavoring to find the means of opening it, I must have unconsciously touched the spring, for it lay open in my hand, and disclosed a miniature portrait of Stephen Temple. Then, and not until then, I remembered that it was his voice that was heard so distinctly from the corridor when the girl sprang up in her bed with the wild excitement that destroyed her. A vague suspicion of the truth now dawned upon me. But if I had made a discovery, it was too late to be useful. I was at a loss how to act in the matter, and yet unwilling to let it pass without some attempt to dispel the mystery.

The night was passed wearily in forming plans to attain my object, and I rose early to busy myself with the duties of the day, until the man, whom I now began to regard in a new light, should come to the hospital.

It was my intention to obtain, if possible, from his own lips, some particulars of his life on the Continent before charging him with the crime which I had already, in my own mind, imputed to him. But my scheming was useless. When the students arrived from the medical school where Temple should have attended at lecture, I found that he had not been seen by them since his abrupt departure from the hospital after the scene at the bedside of the dying girl.

My suspicions were confirmed. There was no time to be lost. Temple must be found, and that without delay. What might not a terror-stricken and perhaps remorseful man be tempted to do in such circumstances? Without imparting my fears to any one, I hastened from the hospital, and, hailing a cab, told the man to drive quickly to the street where Temple resided. I left the vehicle at the corner, and with all the composure I could assume, knocked at the door of the house at which I thought he lived. It was opened to me by the landlady, and I inquired for Mr. Temple. He did live there, and was at home; had been in for several hours, but requested that he might not be disturbed. Would I wait, and she would take my name up? No; I would follow her to his room. We knocked at the door, but gained no answer. It was unlocked, and I entered. He was not in the sitting-room. The bed-room door was ajar. I went in, and there, as I thought, stood Stephen Temple. His back was turned toward me. His boots were off, and his coat thrown on a chair. His knees were bent slightly, but he seemed to lean against the dressing-table at the window, by the side of the bed, and his head was raised, as though gazing at the sky. I spoke, but in vain. A few steps further into the room and I saw it all. He had hung himself—standing! To cut the rope was the work of an instant, and his lifeless body sank heavily on the floor. He had been dead some time. His face was pale, and bore no marks of agony. A pocket-knife lay within reach on the bed beside him. On the table was a Bible, which had evidently been just taken from the bottom of a box that stood open near him, with its contents in disorder, and by the book was a letter, sealed, and in a hurried hand directed to me, with a request that it might be forwarded. I opened it and read as follows:

"The girl who died in the hospital is— I deceived and deserted her. She must have followed me from Germany. Her blood is on my head. I cannot endure it. I go to ask her forgiveness. Tell my father all."

"STEPHEN TEMPLE."

From inquiries made after the events now related, we learnt that the poor girl had indeed been deceived and deserted by Temple whilst in Germany. She had followed him, arriving in London by the Hamburg steamer. With a little money in her purse, she took lodgings in a house kept by a fellow-countrywoman.

Whilst there she became the mother of the infant found with her. When it was scarcely a month old her slender resources were exhausted. She was driven from her refuge, and wandered the streets. By the sale of her clothing she contrived for a while, though with difficulty, to get bread, and tended her child with unwavering affection, until at length it died, probably from exposure; the rest we know.

You best preserve your dignity by avoiding explanations. The character that cannot defend itself is not worth defending.

BASE BALL.

The Grand Contest for the Championship.

THE first contest of the series between the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn—the present champions of the United States—and the Athletic Club of Philadelphia, who have won every match they have played in this season, is to take place on the Capitoline grounds, Brooklyn, on Monday, October 15th, at one P. M. The game was to have been played in Philadelphia on Monday, the 1st instant, but the immense assemblage of spectators gathered on the occasion and around the Athletic grounds—estimated at fifty thousand—and the inadequate accommodations on the ground for half or a quarter of the number to witness the match, prevented the game from being played, greatly to the disappointment of thousands of strangers, who had visited Philadelphia purposely to witness the game, hundreds coming from distant cities, North, East, South and West. The inefficiency of the Philadelphia police, too, on the occasion, was palpable, the eagerness of the club to realize all the pecuniary profit they could out of the match, by admitting all who were ready to pay, without regard as to who would see or not, being anything but likely to enhance their popularity. It would be better to charge even a dollar for admission, and have the contest marked by an orderly assemblage and a clear field, than to have disorder by a free charge. No such scenes will be allowed on the Capitoline grounds, for Superintendent Folk will be in command of a force of 100 picked men on the occasion, and with clubs for trumps, he is bound to win the game. There will be eight places of entrance and exit. The gates will be open at ten A. M., and will be closed whenever the crowd has occupied all the available space for witnessing the match. No one will be allowed on the field during the day, except the players and the scorers. Ladies only will have seats reserved for them, all the other seats and places being open to the first occupying them. The admission-fee will be twenty-five cents, and all must have their change ready, as none will be given at the gates. No tickets will be sold, in order to prevent speculators from playing their usual "little game." Should the weather be fine the contest will be the greatest ball-playing event ever known in this country. The following are the contesting nines of the two clubs, with their positions and order of striking:

Atlantic.	Positions.	Athletic.	Positions.
Pearce.....	Short stop	Kleinfelder.....	Right field
Smith.....	Third base	McBride.....	Pitcher
Start.....	First base	Reach.....	Second base
Crane.....	Second base	Wilkins.....	Short stop
Chapman.....	Left field	Berkensstock.....	First base
Galvin.....	Centre field	Dockney.....	Catcher
Pratt.....	Pitcher	Gaskill.....	Left field
Mills.....	Catcher	Fiehr.....	Centre field
Ferguson.....	Right field	Pike.....	Third base

Play will be called at one P. M., precisely.

THE GREAT TEA-SHIP RACE FROM CHINA.

SOME of the American papers have given brief accounts of the result of the great race of the tea-ships from China to England, just concluded; but the audacious oddity of a race of such length, and the singularity of its event, seem to justify collating the whole affair from the London papers. Omitting all unimportant details, the story, which is quite equal to any romance in interest, is as follows:

This truly marvelous race took place between the fleet of China clipper-ships from Foo-Chow-Foo, for the premium offered by the London brokers for the first of the season's teas; and their almost neck-and-neck struggle during the whole voyage of upward of 16,000 miles, is an event exciting a vast amount of interest in almost every maritime port, both at home and abroad. It appears that there were nine ships engaged in the contest, the names of which, their tonnages, and the times of their respective departures from Foo-Chow-Foo, we subjoin:

Names.	Tonnage.	Date of Sailing.
Ada.....	686.	June 6.
Ariel.....	833.	May 30.
Black Prince.....	760.	June 3.
Chinaman.....	688.	June 5.
Flyer.....	689.	May 29.
Flying Spur.....	731.	June 5.
Serica.....	768.	May 30.
Taeping.....	767.	May 30.
Taitaing.....	815.	May 31.

The struggle was virtually between the Flyer Cross, Ariel, Taeping and Serica. The Flyer Cross obtained a start of one day over the others. The Serica, Ariel and Taeping crossed the bar of Foo-Chow-Foo, in company together, May 30. The Taiping started the following day. There was a fair wind (N.E.) blowing, which the Flyer Cross kept to 19-20 N., when they met with a few hours' calm and southerly wind. North-east wind, fresh, again set in, which carried them to the Pacific reef, on June 3, though they were not sighted. The Serica, Taeping and Ariel met with similar weather. The Flyer Cross saw nothing of them until noon of June 7, in lat. 9-37, when she passed a large ship on the opposite tack, believed to have been the Ariel. To the southward of the Pacific she met with strong south-west winds. As far as ascertained, the ships passed the lighthouse at Anjer, Strait of Sunda, as follows: Flyer Cross, at noon on June 15; Ariel, on the morning of June 20; Taeping, on the afternoon of June 20; Serica, at 6 P. M. of June 22; Taitaing, at 10 P. M., on June 22; Black Prince, on June 29.

At this time the Flyer Cross was evidently holding the lead; while the Taitaing, which left Foo-Chow-Foo on the day after the others, had caught up with the Serica, the Flyer Cross leading both by two days. From Anjer they carried good trade winds to the meridian of Madagascar. The Flyer Cross passed Mauritius on June 30, the Ariel on July 2.

The Cape of Good Hope was sighted by the Flyer Cross on July 15, at ten A. M. The Ariel rounded the Cape the next day. Wind, S. E. to E. and N. E. The Serica rounded the Cape on the 23d.

The equator was passed—Flyer Cross, six P. M. of August 4; Ariel, on the 5th; and Serica, on the 9th. On August 9, in latitude 12-29 N., the Flyer Cross signalled the Taeping, and continued in company till the 17th, with wind variable and light. In latitude 27-53, longitude 36-54 W., a fresh breeze sprang up and took the Taeping out of sight from the Flyer Cross in four or five hours. The Flyer Cross was becalmed and was not making one knot per hour for twenty-four hours. This circumstance is alleged to have lost her the race. On the 20th she reached latitude 41-5 N., longitude 35-51 W., and at ten A. M. of the 6th instant, she sighted the Isle of Wight, bearing N.N.W., with a wind W.S.W., blowing hard.

The Ariel and Taeping, which had lost sight of each other for seventy days, found themselves on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock off the Lizard, running neck and neck up the Channel under every tack of canvas that could be set, with a strong westerly wind. During the whole day the two ships kept their position, dashing up the Channel side by side in splendid style, sometimes almost on their beam-ends, every sea sweeping their decks. On approaching the pilot station off Dun-geenness, the next morning, they each fired blue lights to signalize their position. At daybreak the pilots boarded them at the same moment, and the race was continued in the same exciting manner till they arrived in the Downs, where they both took steam-tugs to tow them to the river. The ships had to shorten sail to enable the tugs coming up and picking up the hawseers to take them in tow. This was about eight o'clock A. M., the tugs starting almost simultaneously, and both ships still neck and neck. The Taeping, however, was fortunate enough to have a superiority in the power of the steam-tug, and reached Gravesend some time before the Ariel. The Serica followed closely upon them. She passed Deal at noon, and got into the river with the same tide which carried the Taeping and Ariel up the

river to the docks, when the result of this extraordinary race was declared to be as follows:

Taeping, docked in London Docks, 9.45 P. M.; Ariel, docked in East India Dock, 10.15 P. M.; Serica, docked in West India Docks, 11.30 P. M.

The Taeping, therefore, was the winner of the premium, about £300, the bills of lading of each ship setting forth that ten shillings per ton extra was to be paid if first sailing-vessel in dock with new tea from Foo-Chow-Foo. The Flyer Cross arrived in the Downs on the 7th, and was compelled to bring up to an anchor on account of a heavy gale blowing, where she remained some time. She, however, managed to get into London Dock on Saturday morning, some twenty-eight hours after the Taeping.

During the preceding few days the excitement in London, occasioned by the probability of the arrival of the first ship in this great annual ocean race from China, was unprecedented. The friends of each vessel supported their favorite by betting considerable sums. During no previous year has so much interest been centered in the result of this race, and from the fact of so many Clyde-built ships being engaged in the competition, Scotchmen generally partook largely in the speculation which existed in almost every maritime port both in Britain and China. Last year the ships Flyer Cross and Serica left Foo-Chow-Foo for London, together, on the 28th of May, both having been towed to sea by the same tug, and both vessels arrived off the Isle of Wight simultaneously on September 10, after a passage of 106 days. By a stroke of good fortune, however, the tug sent out by the owners of the Flyer Cross sighted her, took her in tow, and arrived in London one tide before her rival, the Serica, the latter having failed to sight the tug on the look out for her.

Singular to observe, the Taeping, Ariel and Serica were all built by Messrs Steele & Co., of Greenock. The Taeping and Ariel were constructed on the composite principle, wood and iron. The Serica is iron built.

The cargoes of the ships were: Taeping, 1,108,709 lb. of tea; Ariel, 1,230,900 lb.; the Serica, 954,236 lb.; Flyer Cross, 854,236 lb.; and the Taitaing, 1,093,130 lb.

The time occupied in the voyage of the three ships has been ninety-nine days, being seven days shorter than the time occupied by the Flyer Cross and Serica last year.

The Ariel, which was a new ship, was the first favorite among the shippers in China.

FRENCH LAW AND A FRENCH TRIAL.

THE town of Morlaix, in Bretagne Bretonnante, part of Brittany, was in a state of great excitement, some weeks ago, owing to one of the most extraordinary trials upon record. Nine persons belonging to some of the most respectable families of the place, including a lieutenant of the fire brigade, named Le Roy, were indicted for giving a *charivari* (the best translation of which is "rough music") to the commissary of police. M. Jules Favre was brought down from Paris to defend the accused. A deplorable mistake on the part of the commissary of police was at the bottom of the affair. A young girl of seventeen, whose parents are lodging-house keepers at Morlaix, was employed by them to keep the register of all persons sleeping in the house, which people who let furnished lodgings are required to show to the police. Last June the commissary, being on the look-out for some book-hawkers suspected of vending unlicensed literature, asked this girl whether two persons whom he named were in the house. She, for reasons which do not appear, said they were not, and the answer was untrue. When the commissary found out that the men in question had been there, he severely reprimanded the master and mistress of the house, and they, to excuse themselves, threw all the blame upon their daughter, and authorized the commissary to "give her a lesson," or, as it is vulgarly said, to "frighten her." He, with this intention, told one of his agents to bring the girl to his office, and keep her there till he came in. The man, misunderstanding his orders, put the girl in the lock-up cell, call it the *violin*, where she was detained, according to some witnesses one hour, and according to others three hours. This most unwarrantable act caused some commotion in the town, but it was speedily followed by something infinitely worse. The commissary has obtained a reputation for Draconian severity in enforcing certain of the peculiar laws of France; and his suspicions being now fixed upon the young daughter of the lodging-house keepers, he lent his ear to a malicious information laid by some enemy of the girl, accusing her of being a notoriously bad character, and the upon sent her an official note reflecting upon her last disgrace which can be heaped upon a French woman.

The parents proved, and the commissary of police now admits, that there was no shadow of ground for the imputation upon the young girl. The thing got noised abroad, and produced, as may be imagined, a great sensation. On the 13th of August 200 or 300 people assembled round the commissary of police's house, hissing, booing and rattling pots and kettles. The three *gendarmes* who constituted the public force of the place, were called out. They arrested a young man, named sixteen, who was vociferating, "Down with the commissary." A disposition being shown by the crowd to rescue this youth, the sub-prefect ordered the three *gendarmes* to "draw swords." Thereupon M. Le Roy, the Lieutenant of Pompiers—one of the dons of a country town—interposed, stood between the *gendarmes* and the mob, and exclaimed, "They shall never draw upon the people of Morlaix." He then spoke to the major's adjutant, and promised that if the prisoner were given up, the crowd would disperse quietly, and without more ado went into the guard-house and brought him out. The people then went home, and the streets became quiet. It was not till the next day, however, that the circumstances that M. Le Roy and eight of his fellow-citizens were indicted. The public prosecutor made no account of the extreme provocation, saw nothing but the breach of the law and the misprision of authority, and called for "severe repression." M. Jules Favre argued that in a case where a most flagrant and terrible breach of the law had in the first instance been committed by a representative of authority, the citizens who had resented the outrage under feelings of most righteous indignation should be treated with the utmost indulgence. He represented that none of the so-called rioters had done anything more than make a noise. They had no other weapon than their voices, and as to the alleged rescue by Lieutenant Le Roy, he might well have thought that in his position he was acting as one of the authorities, and exercising a wise discretion for the sake of the public peace. The court, however, found all the prisoners guilty, and passed sentence upon them, which, under the circumstances, must be considered severe. Some were sentenced to a month's imprisonment, some to fifteen days, and M. Le Roy to four days.

A RESIDENT in China, by no means enamored of the country, describes it as a country where the roses have no fragrance and the woman no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles and the ships no keels; where the old men fly like kites; where the useless points to the South, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intelligence is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ says the general impression in regard to the Amazon river is very erroneous, not only in regard to the climate of that region, which he had informed was unhealthy, but also as to its fertility. He found the valley of the Amazon uncommonly fertile and its climate very healthy. It is his opinion that it will one day become the mart of the world, supporting in comfort two hundred millions of inhabitants.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE following is a list of commemorative weddings: "One year after the wedding comes the silver wedding; two years brings the paper wedding; three years, the leather wedding; five, the wooden wedding; seven, the woolen wedding; ten, the tin wedding; twelve, the silk wedding; fifteen, the glass or crystal wedding; twenty, the china wedding; the twenty-fifth, the silver wedding; the thirtieth, the pearl wedding; the fortieth, the ruby or gem wedding; the fiftieth, the golden wedding; the seventy-fifth, the diamond wedding.

A CHARITY scholar under examination in the Psalms being asked "What is the pestilence that walketh in the darkness?" replied, "Peease, sir, bel-bugs."

WHEN Dante was at the court of Signor della Scala, then sovereign of Verona, that prince said to him, one day:

"I wonder, Signor Dante, that a man so learned as you should be hated by all my court, and that this fool (pointing to his buffoon who stood by him) should be beloved."

Highly piqued at this comparison, Dante replied: "Your excellency would wonder less if you considered that we like those best who most resemble ourselves."

YANKEE SPEED.—An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated d'Elzepe had run a mile in a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live in my country-seat near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times round a large factory, just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

A FELLOW of the inquisitive order asked a little girl on board a train, who was sitting by her mother, as to her name, destination, etc. After learning that she was going to Philadelphia, he asked:

"What motive is taking you thither, my dear?"

"I believe they call it a locomotive, sir," was the innocent reply.

An eccentric fellow from Cincinnati says, "Drink a quart of Ohio river, and stand in the sun fifteen minutes, and you can hear the gravel rattle in your stomach as you walk."

A MINISTER having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers, a strict parliamentarian, said to him after service:

"Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning has had three several readings; I move that it now be passed."

A BARKEEPER WITH A CONSCIENCE.—At a second-class hotel, at Frankfort, Kentucky, a few days since, a little girl entered the bar-room, and in pitiful tones told the bar-keeper that her mother sent her to get eight cents.

"Eight cents?" said the barkeeper.

"Yes, sir."

"What does your mother want of eight cents? I don't owe her anything."

"Well," said the child, "father spends all his money here for rum, and we have no bread to-day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread."

A loafer suggested to the barkeeper to kick her out.

"No," said the barkeeper, "I'll give her mother the money, and if he comes here again, I'll kick him out."

Such a circumstance never happened before, and may it never happen again. Humanity owes that bar-keeper a vote of thanks.

A LAWYER'S DEFENSE.—Among the traditions of Westminster Hall is one of a certain Sergeant Davy, who flourished some centuries back, in a darker age than the present. He was accused, once upon a time, by his brethren of the cof, of having degraded their order by taking from a client a fee in copper. On being solemnly arraigned for his offense in the Common Hall, it appears, from the unwritten reports of the Court of Common Pleas, that he defended himself by the following plea of confession and avoidance: "I fully admit that I took a fee from him in copper; and not only one, but several; and not only fees in copper, but fees in silver; but I pledge my honor as a sergeant that I never took a single fee from him in silver until I had got all his gold, and that I never took a single fee from him in copper until I had got all his silver; and you don't call that a degradation of our order?"

REV. JOHN PIERPONT AT THE CLUB.—The death of this venerable gentleman calls to mind a little history related to the writer by Paul Ait-n, an eccentric poet and editor in Baltimore, who had the honor of first nominating General Jackson for the Presidency. Mr. Pierpont and John Neal were partners in the drygoods business of that city about 1816-19. While thus engaged, they formed, with Aiken and Dr. Watkins, who was afterward employed at the Treasury Department in Washington, and three other literary wits, what they called the "Delphin Club," which met one evening in each week for literary exercises and entertainment; their numbers being strictly confined to seven. Mr. Pierpont was the life of these meetings, which were productive of rare enjoyment to all members. One evening it was among their exercises to produce four lines of the sweetest poetry, to convey the priciest idea, and contain the least sener, and Dr. Pierpont excelled all the others in this performance. These were his lines:

"Pleasure comes in car of purple,
Purple car that's drawn by doves,
Doves that both the car and I her pull,
Pull where'er the zephyr moves."

PLEASANT QUARTERS!—A letter from a Brazilian officer describes some of the beauties of soldiering in South America: "Amphibious creatures abound. In my own tent I have already killed four snakes. Every morning I find myself accompanied by a body-guard of fifteen or twenty man-eating toads, which have quietly spent the night under the corners of the hides that serve me as a bed. Enormous alligators promenade regularly every night from lake to lake. In a major's tent, the other day, one was killed that measured about six feet in length, and an unfortunate Brazilian soldier was unexpectedly taken off his legs by one of these horrible creatures and carried into the nearest lake."

"If you wish to appear agreeable in society," says Tallyrand, "you must consent to be taught many things which you know already."

TO BEAR evil speaking and illiterate judgment with equanimity is the highest bravery. It is, in fact, the repose of mental courage.

THE question of what makes the ocean salt has long been discussed, and many theories have been advanced as to the real cause. In the absence of any, however, that may be pronounced infallible, the reason given recently by a little school-boy appears to us to be novel, if not philosophical. When asked the question, he replied that the saltiness of the ocean came "from the codfish that swim in it."

THE wife of a merchant was walking a few days since in the Rue Faubourg Saint-Antoine, Paris, when a young girl about thirteen threw herself on her neck, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear aunt!" The lady released herself from the embrace, telling the child that she was mistaken. "Ah!" said the girl, in a sorrowful tone, looking attentively at the lady, "I see I've made a mistake," and she went away as if to hide her confusion. Not long after the lady missed her purse, and all at once the idea struck her that the child might have taken it. She accordingly returned, and after considerable search discovered the child in a wine-shop, with her father and mother. They were all arrested, and the purse was found on the mother.

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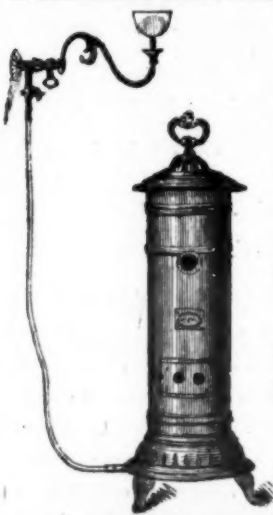
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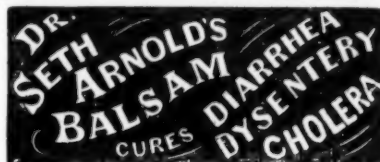
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